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AN ANTHOLOGY
OF
ENGLISH VERSE

AN
ANTHOLOGY
OF
ENGLISH VERSE

EDITED BY
J. H. LOBBAN

*For' deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay:
But wise words taught in numbers for to run,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye.*

—EDMUND SPENSER.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

1902.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE preparation of every such work as this imposes on its compiler obligations to previous anthologies too numerous to mention, though it does not absolve him from the labour of making an independent survey of the field. I have consulted very many anthologies, from Goldsmith's 'Beauties of English Poetry' to Mr Quiller-Couch's 'Oxford Book of English Verse.' Of the older ones I have found Hazlitt's the most useful: in recent times, after the editor of the incomparable 'Golden Treasury,' no one is more indispensable to the maker of an anthology than Mr Bullen.

In the later section of this Anthology there are necessarily a few omissions of copyright material. These are, however, inconsiderable, and whatever merit the collection may have is largely due to the courtesy of many authors and publishers. In the notes I have indicated in a more detailed way than is possible here the editions of the works from

which I have had the privilege of extracting. I would especially record my thanks to Mr Austin Dobson, who, in addition to granting me the use of a very generous selection from his poems, has kindly allowed me to incorporate a number of hitherto unpublished notes to the "Ballad of Beau Brocade."

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I am indebted to Mr T. E. Henderson for kindly allowing me to print two ballads from the text of his forthcoming edition of Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' and for reading the proofs of the same. On many textual and other difficulties I have had the ready assistance of my friend Mr G. Gregory Smith, Lecturer in English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

J. H. L.

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE

1

The Coming of May.

THE busy lark, messenger of day,
Salueth in her song the morrow gray,
And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the light,
And with his streamers dryeth in the greves
The silver drops, hanging on the leaves.
And Arcite, that is in the court royal
With Theseus, his squire principal,
Is risen, and looketh on the morrie day;
And for to do his observance to May,
Rememb'ring on the point of his desire,
He on a courser, starting as the fire,
Is ridden into the fields him to play,
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway;
And to the grove, of which that I you told,
By adventure, his way he 'gan to hold,
To make him a garland of the greves,
Were it of woodbine or hawthorn leaves,

And loud he sang against the sunnè sheen :
 “Máy, with all thy flowers and thy green,
 Wélcome be thou, fairè, freshè May !”

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

salueth = salutes.

greves = groves.

aventure = chance.

The Poor Parson.

A GOOD man was there of religioun,
 And was a poor parson of a toun ;
 But rich he was of holy thought and work ;
 He was also a learned man, a clerk,
 That Christes gospel truèly would preach ;
 His parissheⁿs devoutly would he teach.
 Benign he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversity full patient ;
 And such he was approvèd oftè sythes.
 Full loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
 But rather would he given, out of doubt,
 Unto his poorè parissheⁿs about,
 Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.
 He could in little thing have suffisaunce.
 Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
 But he ne leftè not, for rain nor thunder,
 In sickness nor in meschief to visit
 The farthest in his parish, much and lyte,
 Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordès caught,
 And this figure he addèd eek thereto,
 That if gold rustè, what shall iron do ?

For if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewed man to rust ;
 And though he holy were, and virtuous,
 He was to sinful man not despitous,
 Nor of his speech dangerous nor digne,
 But in his teaching discreet and benign.
 To drawn folk to heaven by fairness,
 By good ensample, was his business :
 But it were any person, obstinate
 Whatso he were, of high or low estate,
 Him would he snibben sharply for the nones.
 A better priest I trow that nowhere none is ;
 He waited after no pomp and reverence,
 Nor maked him a spiced conscience,
 But Christes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he followed it himselfe.

GEORGE CHAUCER.

parisshe = parishioners.
 ofte sythes = oftentimes.
 suffisaunce = sufficiency.
 meschief = misfortune.
 lyte = little.
 yaf = gave.

lewed = ignorant.
 dangerous = forbidding.
 digne = disdainful.
 snibben = chide.
 for the nones = for the nonce.

3 The Complaint of Chaucer to his Purse.

TO you, my purse, and to none other wight
 Complain I, for ye be my lady dear !
 I am so sorry now that ye be light ;
 For, certes, but ye make me heavy cheer,
 Me were as lief be laid upon my bier,
 For which unto your mercy thus I cry :
 Be heavy again, or ellès must I dye !

Now voucheth safe this day, ere it be night,
 That I of you the blissful sound may hear,
 Or see your colour like the sunnè bright,
 That of yellowness haddè never peer.
 Ye be my life, ye be mine heartès steer,
 Queen of comfort, and of good company !
 Be heavy again, or ellès must I die.

Now, purse, that be to me my lifès light,
 And saviour, as down in this world here,
 Out of this town help me through your might,
 Since that ye will not be my treasurer ;
 For I am shave as nigh as is a friar.
 But yet I pray unto your courtesy,
 Be heavy again, or ellès must I die !

•
 GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

•
 • elles = else.

•
 steer = helm.

AH, freedom is a noble thing !
 Freedom makes man to have liking ;
 Freedom all solace to man gives,
 He lives at ease that freely lives !
 A noble heart may have none ease,
 Nor elles nought that may him please,
 If freedom fail ; for free liking
 Is yearned o'er all other thing.
 Nor he that aye has livèd free
 May not know well the property,
 The anger, nor the wretched doom,
 That is coupled to foul thralldom.

But if he had essayed it,
 Then all perquer he should it wit,
 And should think freedom more to prize
 Than all the gold in world that is.
 'Thus contrar thingès evermare
 Discoverings of the tother are.

JOHN BARBOUR.

liking = pleasure, enjoyment in living.

elles = else.

perquer = thoroughly.

5

Rue.

SWEET rose of virtue and of gentleness,
 Delightsome lily of every lustiness,
 Richest in bounty, and in beauty clear,
 And every virtue that is held most dear,
 Except only that ye be merciless,

Into your garth this day I did pursue,
 There saw I flowers that freshè were of hue;
 Both white and red most lusty to be seen,
 And halesome herbis upon stalkis green;
 Yet leaf nor flower find could I none of rue.

I doubt that March with his cold blastis keen,
 Has slain this gentle herb that I of mean,
 Whose piteous death does to my heart such pain
 That I would make to plant his root again,
 So comforting his leaves unto me been.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

bounty = goodness.

garth = garden.

6 **My Mind to Me a Kingdom is.**

MY mind to me a kingdom is,
 Such present joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind.
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to feed a loving eye;
 To none of these I yield as thrall,
 For why? my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soon do fall;
 I see that those which are aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;
 They get with toil, they keep with fear:
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice;
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
 Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
 I little have, and seek no more.
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store:
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
My state at one doth still remain :
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
Their treasure is their only trust ;
A cloaked craft their store of skill :
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease :
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence :
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

SIR EDWARD DYER.

7 **Una and the Red Cross Knight.**

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield.
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainful to the curb to yield :
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody Cross he bore,
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For sovereign hope which in his help he had.
 Right faithful true he was in deed and word ;
 But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread ; but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest Glorious Queen of Faery Land)
 To win him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave.
 And ever as he rode his heart did yearn
 To prove his puissance in battle brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn
 Upon his foe ; a Dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely Lady rode him fair beside,
 Upon a lowly Ass more white than snow,
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
 Under a veil, that wimpled was full low ;
 And over all a black stole she did throw :
 As one that illly mourned, so was she sad,
 And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her, in a line, a milk-white lamb she led.

EDMUND SPENSER.

8

May.

THEN came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
 Deck'd all with dainties of her seasons pride,
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around.
 Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
 The twins of Leda; which on either side
 Supported her like to their sovereign Queen:
 Lord! how all creatures laugh'd when her they spied
 And leapt and danc'd as they had ravish'd been!
 And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

EDMUND SPENSER.

9

The Abode of Honour.

"W^hOSO in pomp of proud estate" (quoth
 she)
 "Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly bliss,
 Does waste his days in dark obscurity,
 And in oblivion ever buried is;
 Where ease abounds it's eath to do amiss:
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easy miss.
 Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
 Who seeks with painful toil shall honour soonest find:

"In woods, in waves, in wars, she wons to dwell,
 And will be found with peril and with pain;
 Nor can the man that moulds in idle cell
 Unto her happy mansion attain:

Before her gate high God did Sweat ordain,
 And wakeful watchës ever to abide ;
 But easy is the way and passage plain
 To pleasure's palace : it may soon be spied,
 And day and night her doors to all stand open wide."

EDMUND SPENSER.

eath = easy.

behaves = controls.

AT length they all to merry London came,
 To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
 That to me gave this life's first native source,
 Though from another place I take my name,
 An house of ancient fame.
 There when they came, whereas those bricky towers
 The which on Thames broad aged back do ride,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers :
 There whylome wont the Templer Knights to bide,
 Till they decay'd through pride ;
 Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
 Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
 Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell :
 Whose want too well now feels my friendless case ;
 But ah ! here fits not well
 Old woes, but joys, to tell
 Against the bridal day, which is not long :
 Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The Cave of Mammon.

BEFORE the door sat self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For fear least Force or Fraud should unaware
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard;
Nor would he suffer Sleep once thither-ward
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to death is Sleep to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annex:
Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hell-gate them both
betwixt.

That house's form within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hung
Emboss with massy gold of glorious gift;
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
And over them Arachne high did lift
Her cunning web, and spread her subtile net,
Enwrapped in foul smoke and clouds more black than
jet.

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrown with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day
Did never in that house it self display,
But a faint shadow of uncertain light:
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,
Or as the Moon, clothed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

The charge thereof unto a covetous Sprite
 Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other covetous fiends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
 Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said :
 "Lo ! here the world's bliss : lo ! here the end,
 To which all men do aim, rich to be made :
 Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

"Certes," (said he) "I n'll thine offered grace,
 Nor to be made so happy do intend :
 Another bliss before mine eyes I place,
 Another happiness, another end.
 To them that list, these base regards I lend ;
 But I in arms, and in achievements brave,
 Do rather choose my flitting hours to spend,
 And to be lord of those that riches have,
 Than them to have my self, and be their servile slave."
 EDMUND SPENSER.

12 The Shepherds' Rhyming Match.

Perigot. I T fell upon a holy eve,
Willie. Hey, ho, holiday !

Per. When holy fathers went to shrieve ;

Wil. Now ginneth this roundelay.

Per. Sitting upon a hill so high,

Wil. Hey, ho, the high hill !

Per. The while my flock did feed thereby ;

Wil. The while the shepherd self did spill ;

- Per.* I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. Hey, ho, Bonibell!
Per. Tripping oyer the dale alone,
Wil. She can trip it very well!
Per. Well decked in a frock of gray,
Wil. Hey, ho, gray is greetie!
Per. And in a kirtle of green saye,
Wil. The green is for maidens meet.
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. Hey, ho, chapelet!
Per. Of sweet violets therein was store,
Wil. She sweeter then the violet.
Per. My sheep did leave their wonted food,
Wil. Hey, ho, silly sheep!
Per. And gazed on her as they were wood,
Wil. Wood as he that did them keep!
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. Hey, ho, bonilasse!
Per. She rowed at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. As clear as the christall glass:
Per. All as the sunny beam so bright,
Wil. Hey, ho, the sunny beam!
Per. Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
Wil. So loye into thy heart did stream:
Per. Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,
Wil. Hey, ho, the thunder!
Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shrouds,
Wil. So cleaves thy soul asunder:
Per. Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray,
Wil. Hey, ho, the moonlight!
Per. Upon the glittering wave doth play,
Wil. Such play is a piteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide;
Wil. Hey, ho, the glider!

- Per.* Therewith my soul was sharply gryde,
Wil. Such wounds soon waxen wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. Hey, ho, Perigot!
Per. I left the head in my heartroot,
Wil. It was a desperate shot.
Per. There it rankleth, ay more and more,
Wil. Hey, ho, the arrow!
Per. Nor can I find salve for my sore:
Wil. Love is a cureless sorrow.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. Hey, ho, heavy cheer!
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought,
Wil. So you may buy gold too dear.
Per. But whether in painful love I pine,
Wil. Hey, ho, pinching pain!
Per. Or tiffive in wealth, she shall be mine,
Wil. But if thou can her obtain.
Per. And if for graceless grief I die,
Wil. Hey, ho, graceless grief!
Per. Witness she slew me with her eye,
Wil. Let thy folly be the prief.
Per. And you, that saw it, simple sheep,
Wil. Hey, ho, the fair flock!
Per. For prief thereof, my death shall weep,
Wil. And moan with many a mock.
Per. So learn'd I love on a holy eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, holiday!
Per. That ever since my heart did grieve,
Wil. Now endeth our roundelay.

EDMUND SPENSER.

spill = destroy.
 greete = mournful
 saye = serge.

wood = mad.
 gryde = pierced.
 prief = proof.

13

Hope.

WITH him went Hope in rank, a handsome
 maid,
Of cheerful look and lovely to behold :
In silken samite she was light arrayed,
And her fair locks were wqven up in gold :
She alway smiled, and in her hand did hold
An holy water sprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew,
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

EDMUND SPENSER.

14

The Seasons.

SO forth issued the Seasons of the year.
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of
 flowers
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowers
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours),
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear ;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light ;
And on his head a garland well beseen

He wore, from which, as he had chafed been,
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
 A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the leopard or the boar,
 And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
 As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
 • Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
 That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore
 Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
 With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
 And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
 To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly, came Winter, clothed all in frieze,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
 And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
 As from a limbeck did adown distill.
 In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
 That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

EDMUND SPENSER.

stours = broils.

chafed = heated.

weld = move.

15

An Earthly Paradise.

EFTSOONS they heard a most melodious sound
 Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear
 To rede what manner music that might be ;
 For all that pleasing is to loving ear
 Was there consorted in one harmony ;
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet ;
 Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine response meet ;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the waters' fall ;
 The waters' fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Eftsoons=presently.

rede=discern.

base=deep.

16

Even such is Time.

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust ;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Spring's Welcome.

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail ?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.

Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu ! she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick-song ! Who is't now we hear ?

None but the lark so shrill and clear ;

Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat

Poor robin redbreast tunes his note !

Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing

Cuckoo ! to welcome in the spring !

Cuckoo ! to welcome in the spring !

JOHN LYLY.

Cupid and Campaspe.

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd

At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid :

He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,

His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;

Loses them too ; then down he throws

The coral of his lip, the rose

Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win:
 And last he set her both his eyes—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

JOHN LYLY.

19

Sonnet to Sleep.

COME, Sleep: O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head:
 And if these things, as being thine in right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

prease = throng.

HIS golden locks time hath to silver turned ;
 O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
 But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are age his alms :
 But though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
 "Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well
 Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong."
 Goddess, allow this ancient man his right,
 To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

GEORGE PEELE.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content ;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown :
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest ;
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care ;
 The mean that 'grees with country music best ;
 The sweet comfort of mirth and modest fare ;
 Obscur'd life sets down a type of bliss,
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

22 The Shepherd's Wife's Song.

AH, what is love ? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
 And sweeter too ;
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
 As merry as a king in his delight,
 And merrier too ;
 For kings bethink them what the State require,
 Where shepherds careless carol by the fire :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
 His cream and curds as doth the king his meat,
 And blither too ;
 For kings have often fears when they do sup,
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
 As doth the king upon his bed of down,
 More sounder too;
 For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
 Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
 As doth the king at every tide or sithe,
 And blither too;
 For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
 Where shepherds laugh and love upon the land:

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

ROBERT GREENE

spill = lose.

sithe = time.

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
 And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so
 strong,

As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
 Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
 Of vanity or malice piece to wrong
 His settled peace, or to disturb the same:

What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wealds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
On flesh and blood : where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

24

Agincourt.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power ;

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they be one to ten,
 Be not amazèd ;
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
 No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there :
O Lord ! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder :
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake ;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
Oh noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces !
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew, .
And on the French they flew,
Not one was hardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily, •
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
Oh when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

•MICHAEL DRAYTON.

25 The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
 With coral clasps and amber studs :
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me, and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May-morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my Love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

26 Fear no more the Heat o' the Sun.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash ;
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have ;
 And renowned be thy grave !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Macbeth's Soliloquy.

IF it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly : if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust ;
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

• To thine Ownself be True.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all : to thine ownself be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

29 **Tell me where is Fancy bred.**

TELL me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourishèd ?
 Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell :
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
 Ding, dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

30 **“Sleep no more !”**

Macbeth. M E T H O U G H T I heard a voice cry
 “Sleep no more !
 Macbeth does murder sleep,” the innocent sleep,
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, •
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast,— •

Lady Macbeth.

What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house :

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark !

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

33

Sigh no more, Ladies.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever ;

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never :

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,

Of dumps so dull and heavy ;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leavy ?

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

34 ·

Mercy.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

35

Moonlight Music. ●

Lorenzo. THE moon shines bright : in such a night
 as this,
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
 And they did make no noise, in such a night
 Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
 And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
 Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night
 Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
 And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
 And ran dismay'd away. ●

Lor. In such a night
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand

Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Lor. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Portia. Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awaked.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

36.

The Death of Cæsar.

IF you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle : I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii :
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable :
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it : they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him :
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

37

Where the Bee sucks.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry ;
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. -

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

38'

England.

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

• • WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

When Icicles hang by the Wall.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit,
 Tu-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sing the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
 Tu-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

keel = skim.

Public Ingratitude.

WHEREFORE rejoice? What conquest brings
 he home?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
 things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Be gone!
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

All that Glisters.

ALL that glisters is not gold,
 Often have you heard that told;
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold:
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

42

Full Fathom Five.

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

43

Brutus.

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all :
 All the conspirators save only he
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
 He only, in a general honest thought
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world "This was a man!"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

44

Cleopatra's Barge.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were
 silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description : she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.
 Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings : at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

yarely = nimbly.

It was a Lover and his Lass.

IT was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the eye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that a life was but a flower
 In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In spring time, &c.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

46 • Take, O, take those Lips away.

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Bring again;
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
 Sealed in vain.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

47

The Seeming Wise.

LET me play the fool :
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
 There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
 As who should say "I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !"
 O my Antonio, I do know of these
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time,
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

48

England's only Danger.

THIS England never'did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

49

The Seven Ages of Man.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 .Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

. 50

Who is Silvia ?

• WHO is Silvia ? what is she,
 • That all our swains commend her ?
 • Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ? •

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness,

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling ;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling :

To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

51

Queen Mab.

SHE comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
 The traces of the smallest spider's web,
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice:
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

52

St Crispin's Day.

IF we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss ; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
 God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart ; his passport shall be made
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say "To-morrow is Saint Crispian :"
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day : then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

53

O Mistress Mine.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming ?
 O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low :
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting
 Every wise man's son doth know.

D.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter ;
 Present mirth hath present laughter ;
 What's to come is still unsure :
 In delay there lies no plenty ;
 Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

TO be, or not to be : that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die : to sleep ;
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;
 To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourne
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

55

Hark, hark! the Lark.

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes:
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HOW many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle
sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

57

Blow, blow !

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh •
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! &c.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

58

Imagination.

MORE strange than true : I never may believe
 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact •
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,

That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven ;

And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HOW fearful
 And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
 Show scarce so gross as beetles : half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice ; and yond tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more ;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

60

Under the Greenwood Tree.

UNDER the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither :
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither :
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass,
 Leaving his wealth and ease,
 A stubborn will to please,
 Duccame, duccame, duccame :
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools as he,
 An if he will come to me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FAREWELL ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !

This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

62

Sunshine and Shadow.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
 staineth.

* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

63

Fleeting Popularity.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingritudes:
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons
 That one by one pursue : if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
 And leave you hindmost ;
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in
 present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours ;
 For time is like a fashionable host
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
 That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object. "

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

64

Crabbed Age and Youth.

CRABBED age and youth cannot live together :
 Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care ;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short ;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee ; youth, I do adore thee ;
 O, my love, my love is young !
 Age, I do defy thee : O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (?).

65

Vanity of Vanities.• (*The Death of Lady Macbeth.*)

SHE should have died hereafter ;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

• WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

66 . The Instability of Human Glory.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O
 Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
 And,—prithee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

67

The Sessions of Thought.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.

- But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 • All losses are restored and sorrows end.

• WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

68

Before Harfleur.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once
 more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;

Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good
yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt
not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry " God for Harry, England, and Saint George ! "

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Happy Life.

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice; Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

70

Content.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O sweet content !
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?
 O punishment !
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the Crispéd spring ?
 O sweet content !
 Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
 O punishment !
 Then he that patiently want's burden bears
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

THOMAS DEKKER.

71

Patience.

WHAT comfort do you find in being so calm?
 'That which green wounds receive from sov-
 ereign balm.

Patience, my lord! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
 Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
 It makes men look like gods. The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
 The stock of patience cannot then be poor;
 All it desires it has; what monarch more?
 It is the greatest enemy to law
 That can be; for it doth embrace all wrongs,
 And so chains up lawyers' and women's tongues.
 'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
 His walks and orchards, 'tis the bond slave's freedom,
 And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
 As though he wore it more for state than pain:
 It is the beggar's music and thus sings,
 Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.

THOMAS DEKKER.

72

Diana.

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair
 State in wonted manner keep:
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close:
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever:
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright!
 BEN JONSON.

SOUL of the age!
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
 My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room:
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still while thy book doth live
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,
 I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses:
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek
 From thence to honour thee I would not seek
 For names: but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,

Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun and woven so fit
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
• Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet ~~must~~ I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza, and our James !
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there !
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like
 night,
 And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

74

To Celia.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not wither'd be ;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee !

BEN JONSON.

75

An Epitaph.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON (?).

76

The Perfect Life.

IT is not growing like a tree •
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
• It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

77

Hymn to Pan.

OF Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan,
That taught us swains how first to tune our lays,
And on the pipe more airs than Phoebus can.
Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

Of Pan we sing, the best of leaders, Pan,
That leads the Naiads and the Dryads forth;
And to their dances more than Hermes can.
Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth

Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unused ways,
And in the chase more than Silvanus can.
Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.

Of Pan we sing, the best of Shepherds, Pan,
That keeps our flocks and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures than great Pales can.
Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
And while his powers and praises thus we sing,
The valleys let rebound, and all the rivers sing.
BEN JONSON.

AS it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.

Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
 Teru, teru, by and by :
 That to hear her so complain
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs so lively shown
 Made me think upon mine own.
 —Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
 None takes pity on thy pain :
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;
 King Pandion, he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :
 All thy fellow birds do sing
 Careless of thy sorrowing :
 Even so, poor bird, like thee
 None alive will pity me.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

79 The Day must have her Night.

THE hour of sweet night decays apace,
 And now warm beds are better than this place.
 —All time is long that is unwilling spent,
 But hours are minutes when they yield content.—
 The gathered flowers we love that breathe sweet scent,
 But loathe them, their sweet odours being spent.—
 It is a life is never ill
 To lie and sleep in roses still.

The rarer pleasure is, it is more sweet,
 And friends are kindest when they seldom meet.—
 Who would not hear the nightingale still sing,
 Or who grew ever weary of the spring?—

The day must have her night, the spring her fall,
 All is divided, now is lord of all.—

It were a most delightful thing
 To live in a perpetual spring.

JOHN MARSTON.

80

Care-charming Sleep.

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all
 woes,

Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince ; fall, like a cloud,
 In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud,
 Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, light,
 And as a purling stream, thou son of Night.
 Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain,
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain ;
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

JOHN FLETCHER.

81

Melancholy.

HENCE, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly !
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see't,
 But only melancholy ;
 Oh, sweetest melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sight that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up, without a sound !

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !

These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.
 JOHN FLETCHER.

Song to Pan.

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
 All ye virtues and ye powers
 That inhabit in the lakes,
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,
 Move your feet
 To our sound,
 Whilst we greet
 All this ground
 With his honour and his name
 That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great and he is just,
 He is ever good, and must
 Thus be honoured. • Daffadillies,
 Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,

Let us fling,
 Whilst we sing,
 Ever holy,
 Ever holy,
 Ever honoured, ever young !
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.

JOHN FLETCHER.

MORTALITY, behold and fear !
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones ;
 Here they lie had realms and lands ;
 Who now want strength to stir their hands ;
 Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
 They preach—"In greatness is no trust."
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royallest seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in,
 Since the first man died for sin !
 Here the bones of birth have cried—
 "Though gods they were, as men they died !"
 Here are sands, ignoble things,
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

84

Sleep the Deceiver.

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving,
 Lock me in delight awhile;
 Let some pleasing dreams beguile
 All my fancies, that from thence
 I may feel an influence,
 All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
 Let me know some little joy!
 We that suffer long annoy
 Are contented with a thought,
 Through an idle fancy wrought:
 • Oh, let my joys have some abiding!
 FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

85

Violets.

• WELCOME, maids of honour
 • You do bring
 In the spring;
 And wait upon her.

 She has virgins many,
 Fresh and fair;
 • Yet you are
 More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
 And so graced,
 To be placed
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
 By-and-by
 Ye do lie,
 Poor girls, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Gather ye Rosebuds.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying :
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he's a-getting
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first;
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
 And while ye may, go marry :
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

87

Corinna's going a-Maying.

GET up, get up for shame ! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since ; yet you not drest,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch-in May.

Rise ; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair :
Fear not ; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
praying :
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street ; each street a park
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch : Each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't ?
 Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short ; and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun :
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a-Maying.

ROBERT HERRICK.

88

Daffodils.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon :
 As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 • Like to the Summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

89

Blossoms.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
 The bridal of the earth and sky,—
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night:
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 • A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 • And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

91

Constancy.

WHO is the honest man ?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue ;
 To God, his neighbour, and himself most true ;
 Whom neither force nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
 So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
 Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind ;
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
 Nor seeks nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay,
 Till he the thing and the example weigh :
 All being brought into a sum,
 What place or person calls for he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
 To use in any thing a trick or sleight,
 For above all things he abhors deceit ;
 His words and works and fashion too
 All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
 At close tentations : when the day is done,
 His goodness sets not, but in dark can run :
 The sun to others writeth laws,
 And is their virtue, Virtue is his sun.

Who, when he is to treat
 With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
 Allows for that, and keeps his constant way ;
 Whom others' faults do not defeat,
 But though men fail him, yet his part doth play

Whom nothing can procure,
 When the wide world runs bias from his will,
 To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.
 This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Death the Leveller.

THE glories of our blood and state -
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings :
 Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 • And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

93

Go, lovely Rose !

O, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !
 EDMUND WALLER.

94 **When Passions are no more.**

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er :
 So calm are we when passions are no more !
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
 The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made :
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.
 EDMUND WALLER.

95 **Sorrow.**

OH, sorrow, sorrow, say where thou dost dwell ?
 In the lowest rooms of hell.
 Art thou born of human race ?
 No, no, I have a fury's face.
 Art thou in city, town, or court ?
 I to every place resort.

Oh, why into the world is sorrow sent?

Men afflicted best repent.

What dost thou feed on?

Broken sleep.

What takest thou pleasure in?

To weep,

To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,

To wring my hands, to sit alone.

Oh when, oh when, shall sorrow quiet have?

Never, never, never, never,

Never till she finds a grave.

SAMUEL ROWLEY.

96

L'Allegro.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn.

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;

There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;

Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,

With two sister Graces more,

To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore:

Or whether (as some sager sing),

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee ;
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale. •
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied ;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ; -

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail :
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said ;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs, •
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

97

Sabrina fair.

S ABRINA fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 • Listen and save !

Listen and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ;
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands ;
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet ;
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 • Till thou our summons answered have.
 • Listen and save !

JOHN MILTON.

98

On Shakespeare.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured
bones

The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchered in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

99

II Penseroso.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But, hail ! thou Goddess sage and holy !
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended :
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come ; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
• With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring ;
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak. •
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy ! •
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray •
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin ! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower ;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek ;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,

That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn^r appear, •
Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.

And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid ;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give ;
And I with thee will choose to live.

JOHN MILTON.

100

To the Nightingale.

O NIGHTINGALE that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love. Oh, if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
 Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

JOHN MILTON.

101

Lycidas.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and rude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud !

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream

"Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have
done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.

He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory.

They knew not of his story ;
And sage Hippotadès their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed :

The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopè with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,

The Pilot of the Galilean Lake ;

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;

He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :—

"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,

Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to
hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are
sped ;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they
draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey :
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON.

102

Satan's Address to the Sun.

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads—to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King !
Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,

The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due? Yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,
 I sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still received;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged—what burden then?

JOHN MILTON.

103 The Expulsion from Paradise.

FOR now too nigh
 The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,
 The Cherubim descended, on the ground*
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
 In either hand the hastening Angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain—then disappeared.
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

JOHN MILTON.

104 On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

AVENGE, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose
bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON.

105 Athens, the Eye of Greece.

BEHOLD

Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing: there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages—his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous Orators repair,

Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
Of Socrates—see there his tenement—
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wiseest of men.

• JOHN MILTON.

WITH thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change ; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming-on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

• JOHN MILTON.

107

The Approach of Night.

NOW came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous descant sung :
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

JOHN MILTON.

108

The Muster of the Rebel Angels.

ALL these and more came flocking, but with looks
Downcast and damp ; yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself ; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears ;
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall ;

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders,—such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil.

JOHN MILTON.

109

On his Blindness.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and
 wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more
 bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide ;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies : " God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts. Who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His
 state
 Is kingly : thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

110

Vulcan.

HIS hand was known
 In Heaven by many a towered structure high,
 Where sceptred Angels held their residence,
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored

In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land
 Men called him Mulciber ; and how he fell
 From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements : from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day, and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
 On Lemnos, the Ægean isle.

JOHN MILTON.

111

The Wedding.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen :
 Oh, things without compare !

Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs ;

And there did I see coming down
 Such folks as are not in our town,
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
 (His beard no bigger though than thine)
 Walk'd on before the rest :
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him :
 The king, God bless him, 'twou'd undo him,
 Shou'd he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town :
 Though lusty Roger there had been,
 Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing ;
 The parson for him staid :
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much wish all part,
 Perchance, as did the maid.

• The maid—and thereby hangs a tale——
 For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
 Could ever yet produce :
 No grape that's kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck :
 And to say truth (for out it must)
 It look'd like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the light :
 But oh ! she dances such a way !
 No sun upon an Easter-day,
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone),
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
 Compar'd to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly;
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July.
 SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

A WIGHT he was, whose very sight would
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
 That never bent his stubborn knee
 To anything but chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade;
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of War, as well as Peace
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water).
 But here our Authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise or stout:

Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool
And offer to lay wagers that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write).
But they're mistaken very much ;
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about ;
Unless on holydays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak ;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
Being rich in both, he never scant'd
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

113

My dear and only Love.

MY dear and only love, I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 Than purest monarchy ;
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a synod in thine heart,
 I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone :
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 That dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But, if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
 And constant of thy word,
 I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
 And famous by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 Was never heard before ;
 I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

114

The Motto.

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
 And make the age to come my own?
 I shall, like beasts or common people, die,
 Unless you write my elegy;
 Whilst others great, by being born, are grown;
 Their mothers' labour, not their own.
 In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie,
 The weight of that mounts this so high.
 These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
 Brought forth with their own fire and light:
 If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
 Out of myself it must be strook.
 Yet I must on. What sound is't strikes mine ear?
 Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
 It sounds like the last trumpet; for it can
 Raise up the buried man.
 Unpast Alps stop me; but I'll cut them all,
 And march, the Muses' Hannibal.
 Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
 Nets of Roses in the way!
 Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
 And all that is not above Fate!
 Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!
 Which intercepts my coming praise.
 Come, my best friends, my books! and lead me on;
 'Tis time that I were gone.
 Welcome, great Stagyrte! and teach me now
 All I was born to know:
 Thy scholar's victories thou dost far outdo;
 He conquer'd th' earth, the whole world you.
 Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongue and wit
 Preserves Rome's greatness yet:

Thou art the first of orators ; only he
Who best can praise thee, next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise !
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies ;
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three ! what shall I do
To be like one of you ?
But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And, whilst with wearied steps we upwards go,
See us, and clouds, below.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

115

The Praise of Poetry. •

'TIS not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition ;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man,
But verses only ; they shall fresh appear
Whilst there are men to read or hear,
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names to what it keeps, poor dust ;
Then shall the epitaph remain, and be
New graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of poets triumphs over it.
What cannot verse ? When Thracian Orpheus took
His lyre, and gently on it strook,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.

With artificial pace the warlike pine,
 The elm and his wife the ivy twine,
 With all the better trees which erst had stood
 Unmov'd forsook their native wood.
 The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
 Craving the honour of his brow ;
 And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made
 With their officious leaves a shade.
 The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old tyranny :
 The fearful hart next to the lion came,
 And the wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
 Nightingales, harmless sirens of the air,
 And muses of the place, were there ;
 Who, when their little windpipes they had found
 Unequal to so strange a sound,
 O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
 And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
 Happy, O happy they ! whose tomb might be,
 Mausolus ! envied by thee !

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
 Some honour I would have,
 Not from great deeds, but good alone ;
 Th' unknown are better than ill known :
 Rumour can ope the grave.
 Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
 Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace ; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to-day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

117. The Wish.

WELL, then ; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;

The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy ;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have !
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !

And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are
Only belov'd, and loving me !

Oh, fountains ! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?
Oh fields ! oh woods ! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade ?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood ;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear ;
Here nought, but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From Heaven did always choose their way ;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing die !
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear—
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

118 To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

119 To Althea.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the gates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fetter'd to her eye,
 The gods that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free—
 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When, (like committed linnets), I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty
 And glories of my King;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage;
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THE forward youth that would appear,
 Must now forsake his Muses dear;
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust ;
 Removing from the wall
 The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But through adventurous war
 Urgèd his active star ;

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first,
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
 Did thorough his own side
 His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy ;
 And, with such, to enclose
 Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
• And palaces and temples rent ;
 And Cæsar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame ;
 And, if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould !

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art :

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case ;

That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn.
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try :

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forcèd power ;
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A *bleeding head*, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in *that* the State
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed ;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
• And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust : •

Nor yet grown stiffer by command,
But still in the Republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents ;
And, what he may, forbears
His fame to make it theirs : •

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch ;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul ;
To Italy an Hannibal ;
And to all States not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colour'd mind ;
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But *thou*, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect

Besides the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain.

ANDREW MARVELL.

121

The Garden.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
 And their incessant labours see
 Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
 Whose short and narrow vergèd shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid;
 While all the flow'rs and trees do close,
 To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence, thy sister dear!
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men.
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow.
 Society is all but rude
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So am'rous as this lovely green.
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
 Little, alas, they know or heed,
 How far these beauties her exceed!
 Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
 Love hither makes his best retreat.

The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
 Still in a tree did end their race.
 Apollo hunted Daphne so,
 Only that she might laurel grow :
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead !
 Ripe apples drop about my head.
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
 The nectarine, the curious peach,
 Into my hands themselves do reach.
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
 Withdraws into its happiness ;
 The mind, that ocean where each kind
 Does straight its own resemblance find ;
 Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other worlds, and other seas ;
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's vest aside,
 My soul into the boughs does glide :
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then whets, and claps its silver wings ;
 And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
 While man there walk'd without a mate :
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet !

But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there :
 Two Paradises are in one,
 To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
 Of flow'rs, and herbs, this dial new :
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
 And, as it works, th' industrious bee
 Computes his time as well as we.
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs ?

ANDREW MARVELL.

The Feast of Alexander.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne :
 His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd).
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above
 (Such is the power of mighty love).
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And while he sought her snowy breast :
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
 world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around :
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

iv.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew
 the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse :

He sang Darius great and good,

 By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

• Fallen from his high estate,

 And welt'ring in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed ;

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

 The various turns of chance below ;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,

 And tears began to flow.

V.

'The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble,
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely 'Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sank upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head ?
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise :
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old 'Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN.

AH, fading joy, how quickly art thou past !
 Yet we thy ruin haste.
 As if the cares of human life were few,
 We seek out new ;
 And follow fate, which would too fast pursue.
 See, how on every bough the birds express,
 In their sweet notes, their happiness.
 They all enjoy, and nothing spare ;
 * But on their mother Nature lay their care :
 Why then should man, the lord of all below,
 Such troubles choose to know,
 As none of all his subjects undergo ?
 Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
 And with a murmuring sound
 Dash, dash upon the ground,
 To gentle slumbers call.

JOHN DRYDEN.

124

On Milton's Picture.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go ;
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.

• JOHN DRYDEN.

125

The False Achitophel.

OF these the false Achitophel was first,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst :
 For close designs, and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
 In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace :
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms ; but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please ;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease !

And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son ;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke :
Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will !
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own !
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge ;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress ;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown ;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed ;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince ;
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.

JOHN DRYDEN.

126 *

Zimri.

IN the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art :
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief.

JOHN DRYDEN.

127 **The Barks upon the Billows ride.**

OLD Father Ocean calls my tide :
 Come away, come away !
 The barks upon the billows ride,
 The master will not stay ;
 The merry boatswain from his side
 His whistle takes to check and chide
 The ting'ring lad's delay,
 And all the crew aloud has cry'd,
 Come away, come away.

JOHN DRYDEN.

128 **The King of Nonsense.**

ALL human things are subject to decay,
 And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long ;
 In prose and verse was own'd without dispute
 Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And bless'd with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state :
 And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried, "'Tis resolv'd ; for nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years :

Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
 And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggot, came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name. . . .
 Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy,
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
 All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
 That for anointed dulness he was made.

JOHN DRYDEN.

129

To all you Ladies.

TO all you ladies now on land,
 We men, at sea, indite;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write;
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you.
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain ;
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
 Roll up and down our ships at sea.
 With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
 Think not we are unkind ;
 Nor yet conclude your ships are lost
 By Dutchmen, or by wind :
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
 The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
 With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
 Will swear the seas grow bold ;
 Because the tides will higher rise
 Than e'er they used of old :
 But let him know, it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
 With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Off sad and dismal story,
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree :
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind !
 With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind ;
 Let Dutchman vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find :

'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you
With a fa, &c.

And now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all your loves,
 And likewise all our fears,
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity from your tears ;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.
 With a fa, &c.

EARL OF DORSET.

Distance lends Enchantment.

OUR hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
 At objects in an airy height :
 The little pleasure of the game
 Is from afar to view the flight.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
 In search of what we like, employ :
 Scorning at night the worthless prey,
 We find the labour gave the joy.

At distance through an artful glass
 To the mind's eye things well appear :
 They lose their forms, and make a mass
 Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

If we see right, we see our woes :
 Then what avails it to have eyes ?
 From ignorance our comfort flows :
 The only wretched are the wise.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Swift's Epitaph on Himself.

HE never thought an honour done him,
Because a duke was proud to own him :
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
Despised the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration ;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs :
Without regarding private ends, •
Spent all his credit for his friends ;
And only chose the wise and good ; •
No flatterers ; no allies in blood :
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success ;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just ;
In princes never put thy trust :
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim'd !
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die ;
For her he boldly stood alone ;
For her he oft exposed his own.

Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 Had set a price upon his head ;
 But not a traitor could be found,
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

Had he but spared his tongue and pen
 He might have rose like other men,
 But power was never in his thought,
 And wealth he valued not a groat.
 Ingratitude he often found,
 And pitied those who meant the wound ;
 But kept the tenor of his mind,
 To merit well of human kind.
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true, to please his foes.
 He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 To reconcile his friends in power ;
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursued each other's ruin.
 But finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

BUT, O ! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd !
 Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound
 The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
 prov'd,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

139 The Testimony of the Universe.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unweary'd sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display;
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

134

The Poet and the Dun.

THUS while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 Horrible Monster ! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends.
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do, or whither turn ? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of Woodhole. Strait, my bristling hairs erect
 Thro' sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shudd'ring limbs ; and (wonderful to tell !)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
 So horrible he seems ! His faded brow,
 Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forebode. In his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods ! avert
 Such plagues from righteous men). Behind him stalks
 Another monster, not unlike himself,

Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible and magic charms
 First have endu'd : if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
 In duranee strict detain him, till in form
 Of Money, Pallas sets the captive free.

JOHN PHILIPS.

135

Ode on Solitude.

• **H**APPY the man whose wish and care,
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mixt ; sweet recreation ;
 And Innocence, which most doth please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

136

Character of Atticus.

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose
 fires

True genius kindles and fair fame inspires;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
 A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise,—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

ALEXANDER POPE.

137

To an Unfortunate Lady.

• **W**HAT can atone, oh ever-injured shade !
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned !
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show ?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face ?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb ?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee :
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

ALEXANDER POPE.

138

Belinda.

NOT with more glories in the ethereal plain
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
 But every eye was fixed on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those :
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

ALEXANDER POPE.

139

Poetical Criticism.

BUT most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or
 wrong :
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes.
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees" :
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep" :
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow ;
And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness
join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar :
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow ;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise !

While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

ALEXANDER POPE.

c

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 The eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;
 But, those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthened way,
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

ALEXANDER POPE.

HOPE humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never is, but always to be blest :
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven ;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire ;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much :
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

ALEXANDER POPE.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise and rudely great :
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast ;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
 Still by himself abused, or disabused ;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled :
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

ALEXANDER POPE.

143

Fame.

WHAT'S fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, even before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike, or when, or where they shone or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what to oblivion better were resigned,
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

ALEXANDER POPE.

144

Epitaph on John Gay.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit a man, simplicity a child:
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
 Form'd to delight, at once, and lash the age:
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n amongst the great:

A safe companion, and an easy friend ;
 Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end :—
 These are thy honours ! Not that here thy bust
 Is mixt with heroes, or with kings thy dust ;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms,—Here lies GAY.

ALEXANDER POPE.

145 **The Trojan Camp by Night.**

THE troops exulting sat in order round,
 And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole ;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head,
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays :
 The long reflections of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er the heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

ALEXANDER POPE.

The Arming of Achilles.

FULL in the midst, high towering o'er the rest,
 His limbs in arms divine Achilles dress'd ;
 Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,
 Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the god.
 Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
 His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire ;
 He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
 O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold ;
 Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold : •
 The brazen sword a various baldric tied,
 That starr'd with gems hung glittering at his side ;
 And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
 Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
 Wide o'er the wat'ry waste a light appears,
 Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
 Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky :
 With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again ;
 Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next his high head the helmet graced ; behind
 The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind :
 Like the red star that from his flaming hair
 Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war ;
 So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
 Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories
 shed.

ALEXANDER POPE.

147

Black-eyed Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers, waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
 "O! where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
 If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
 The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest:—
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find:

Yea, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For Thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.
JOHN GAY.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:

He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone :

Ah ! Sons ! from evil ways depart :
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.

See, see, the murder'd geese appear !
Why are those bleeding turkeys there ?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain ?

The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer ;
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O Gluttons ! says the drooping sire,
Restrain inordinate desire.

Your liq'rish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.

Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race ?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.

Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.

Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein ;

So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem.

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.

Think what our ancestors have done ;
A line of thieves from son to son.

To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.

Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
 Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
 Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
 We shall be thought to share the feast.
 The change shall never be believ'd,—
 A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox
 (But hark ! I hear a hen that clocks),
 Go, but be mod'rate in your food ;
 A chicken, too, might do me good.

JOHN GAY.

149 'Twas when the Seas were Roaring.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploing,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou, venturous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast ?

"The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear ?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain ?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear ;
 When o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd ;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

JOHN GAY.

The Approach of Storm.

WHEN from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red-fiery streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds

Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey ; while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray,
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the wither'd leaf,
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron at her nightly task
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a black'ning train
Of clam'rous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous in his bow'r the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves, while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice
That, solemn-sounding, bids the world prepare
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent.

JAMES THOMSON.

151

Rule, Britannia.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sang the strain :
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
Britons never will be slaves.

JAMES THOMSON.

152

Morning.

THE meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews.
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east,
Blue through the dusk the smoking currents shine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward ; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy,
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells,
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.

JAMES THOMSON.

153

Hunting Song.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn ;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
And a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs him stay ;
My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to-day.
But a-hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood
 Secure to find we seek ;
 For why, I carried sound and good
 A cartload there last week !
 And a-hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
 Their steeds all spur and switch ;
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
 And some thrown in a ditch.
 • But a-hunting we will go.

At length, his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then hungry homeward we return
 To feast away the night.
 Then a-drinking we will go.

HENRY FIELDING.

WHEN first the college rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
 Through all his veins the fever of renown
 Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown ;
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth !
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
 Till captive science yields her last retreat ;
 Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;

- Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail;
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
- If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

155

Robert Levet.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
 See Levet to the grave descend,
 Official, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind ;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride ;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure th' Eternal master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And fort'd his soul the nearest way.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

156

Shakespeare and Jonson.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous
foes

First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose ;
Each change of many colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, essay'd the heart :
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

157

Hymn to Adversity.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou Tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore ;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend ;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart,
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.
THOMAS GRAY.

158 Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest co their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
~~How jocund~~ How did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power ;
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page

Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscribed alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

["There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
.By hands unseen are showers of violets sown ;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."]

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send ;
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heav'n ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

159 Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat.

T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind
 The pensive Selima reclined,
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
 She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream :
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry watery god
Some speedy aid to send :
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard,—
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold :
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold !

THOMAS GRAY.

160 Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margin green
The paths of pleasure trace ;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbe the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

THOMAS GRAY.

161

The Bard.

“**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King !
 Confusion on thy banners wait,
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears ! ”
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
 —To arms ! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring
 lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;

(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hush'd the stormy main:
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
 Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;

The famish'd Eagle streams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,

Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,

Ye died amidst your dying country's cries,—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.

On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,

Avengers of their native land:
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race.

Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright.
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that
ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing King !
She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him
wait !
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

“ ‘ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord !
Low on this funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-
prey.

“ ‘ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare ;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 Long Years of havock urge their destined course,
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
 And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
 The bristled Boar, in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" ' Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.) '
 Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes,
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll ?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight ;
 Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail !

" Girt with many a Baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear,

In the midst a Form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;
Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

“ The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious Man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day ?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me : With joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and scept'red Care ;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.”
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.
THOMAS GRAY.

162 Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden.

FAR from the sun and summer-gale
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
 "This pencil take" (she said), "whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of ~~horror~~ that, and thrilling fears,
 Or, ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy
 The secrets of the abyss to spy :
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :
 The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
 pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more—

Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion,
 Thro' the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes could run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate :
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.
 THOMAS GRAY.

163

. Ode to Evening.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,
 O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :
 Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing ;
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
 As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers,* stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve !
While summer loves to sport^o
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipp'd health,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy favourite name !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

164

How Sleep the Brave !

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

165

The Passions.

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was young;
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the muse's painting :
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed ; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings :
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hand, the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every
close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
hair.

And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose
He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder,
down;
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted love, now raving called on
hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But O ! How altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known !
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed
queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with mirth a gay fantastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard ;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age ;
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease ;
Revive the just designs of Greece :
Return in all thy simple state !
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

166

Fiddle's Tomb.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen ;
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell ;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

The Village Sports.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring
swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed :
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill ;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree !
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired—
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove.

These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed ;
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

168 **Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.**

GOOD people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran—
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes ;
 The naked every day he clad
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain some private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied ;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH:

169

Retirement.

HERE as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
 And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While Resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His Heaven commences ere the world be past !

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

171

David Garrick.

HERE lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day:

Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
 gave !

How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you
 raised, ‘

While he was be-Roscious’d, and you were bepraised !
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies :
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with
 love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

N EAR yonder copse, where once the garden
 smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher’s modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train—
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She stroye the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned :
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For ever though vanquished he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

MY mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss :
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile ! It answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !

But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wished I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learnt at last submission to my lot;
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

176

To Mary.

THE twentieth year is wellnigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast;
 Ah, would that this might be the last!
 My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow;
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
 My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disused, and shine no more,
 My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver lock, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary !

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary.
WILLIAM COWPER.

177 **The Loss of the Royal George.**

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

178 **England, with all thy Faults.**

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet,
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight,—when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children; praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,

And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
 Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
 The hope of such hereafter ! They have fallen
 Each in his field of glory : one in arms,
 And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
 Of smiling Victory that moment won,
 And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame !
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham still
 Consulting England's happiness at home,
 Secured it by an unforgiving frown
 If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
 Put so much of his heart into his act,
 That his example had a magnet's force,
 And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
 Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such !
 Or all that we have left is empty talk
 Of old achievements, and despair of new.

WILLIAM COWPER.

'TIS liberty alone that gives the flower
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
 Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progress in the road of science ; blinds
 The eyesight of discovery, and begets,
 In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.
 Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed

By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the State,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth ! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine ;
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl ;
Yet being free I love thee : for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell ! I could endure
Chains, nowhere patiently, and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime ;
And if I must bewail the blessing lost
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

WILLIAM COWPER.

180

Boadicea.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“Ruffians, pitiless as proud !
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE dews of summer night did fall ;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now 'nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?"

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?"

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

- “Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.
- “For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay,—
What floweret can endure the storm?
- “At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare;
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.
- “Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?
- “Among rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.
- “But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.
- “Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine),—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

“Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

“The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

“The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe,—
To be content, than to be great.

“How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

“Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

“Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
‘Countess, prepare, thy end is near!’

“And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

“My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
‘Countess, prepare, thy end is near!’”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear’d,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp’d its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl’d at village door,
The oaks were shatter’d on the green;
Wo was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e’er was seen!

And in that Manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Fall many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
 And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
 As wandering onwards they've espied
 The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

WILLIAM J. MICKLE.

182

To a Fish of the Brooke.

WHY flyest thou away with fear?
 Trust me there's nought of danger near,
 I have no wicked hooke
 All cover'd with a snaring bait,
 Alas, to tempt thee to thy fate,
 And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
 I do not wish to spill thy blood,
 For Nature unto thee
 Perchance hath given a tender wife,
 And children dear, to charm thy life,
 As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish;
 And when an angler for his dish,
 Through gluttony's vile sin,
 Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee out,
 God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
 To pull the raskall in!

JOHN WOLCOT.

183

To a Mouse.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic 's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion •
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion, •
 • Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thief ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
 An' never miss 't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 An' bleak December's winds enshuin,
 • Baith snell • an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary Winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy !

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But Och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

ROBERT BURNS.

wee = small.
 sleekit = sleek.
 bickering brattle = hurried scamper.
 pattle = stick for cleaning the ploughshare.
 whyles = sometimes.
 maun = must.
 daimen-icker . . . thrave = a stray ear of corn in twenty-four sheaves.
 lave = remainder.

wa's = walls.
 big = build.
 foggage = moss.
 snell = sharp.
 cozie = snug.
 but = without.
 hald = holding.
 thole = endure.
 cranreuch = hoar-frost.
 lane = plone.
 gang aft a-gley = go often wrong.

184 Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods,
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom Death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;
His locks were bleach'd white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To Echo bore the notes a-lang :

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire !
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year !
A few short months, and, glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain ;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane ;

Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

" I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown :
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown :
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

" And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)
My noble master lies in clay ;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay :
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

" Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
The voice of woe and wild despair !
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair !
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the Bard
Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom.

" In Poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mist obscure involv'd me round ;
Though oft I turn'd the wistfu' eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found :

Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care.

“O! why has worth so short a date,
 While villains ripen grey with time?
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
 Why did I live to see that day—
 A day to me so full of woe?
 O! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low! •

“The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!”
 ROBERT BURNS.

craigy = rocky.
 meikle = much.

aik = oak.
 mirkest = darkest.

YE banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care! •

Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine ;
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree !
 And my fause luvier staw my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

ilka = every.
 pu'd = pulled.

fause = false.
 staw = stole.

Auld Lang Syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne ?

Chorus—

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp !
 And surely I'll be mine !
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere !
 And gie's a hand o' thine !
 And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
 For auld lang syne.

ROBERT BURNS.

auld lang syne = days of long
 ago.
 stowp = tankard.
 pou'd = pulled.
 gowans = daisies.
 fitt = foot.
 sin' = since.

paidl'd = waded.
 dine = dinner-time.
 braid = broad.
 fiere = friend.
 gie's = give us.
 gude-willie = loving.
 waught = draught.

187

To a Mountain Daisy.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonny Lark, companion meet!
 Bending thet 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Could blew the bitter-biting North
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
 High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random field
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent Lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To Mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine——no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

ROBERT BURNS.

wee = small.
 maun = must.
 stoure = dust.
 weet = wet.

cauld = cold.
 bield = shelter.
 stane = stone.
 histie = dry.

188

M'Pherson's Farewell.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie !
 M'Pherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus—

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

• O what is death but parting breath ?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dared his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword ;
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie :
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avengèd be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !

ROBERT BURNS.

gaed = went.
 spring = tune.

sturt = violence.
 distain = stain.

To Mary in Heaven.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget:
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity can not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with mis~~er~~-care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear:

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!--

Let us do or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

wha hae = who have.

aften = often.

191

My Bonny Mary.

G O, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink, before I go,
 A service to my bonny lassie:
 The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith;
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
 And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 • The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody:
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
 It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary!

ROBERT BURNS.

tassie = cup.
 blaws = blows.

maun = must.
 wad = would.

192

Highland Mary.

YE banks and braes and streams around,
 The castle o' Montgomery !
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie :
 There Simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ;
 But oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my Flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
 That dwalt on me sae kindly !

And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

drumlie = muddy.

birk = birch.

aft = often.

193

Ae Fond Kiss.

A^E fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, and then forever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy :
 But to see her was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

ae = one.

ilka = every.

John Anderson, My Jo.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

jo = love.
 brent = smooth.
 beld = bald.
 pow = head.

clamb = climbed.
 thegither = together.
 canty = happy.

195

A Bard's Epitaph.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near ;
And o'er this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by !
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and through the starting tear
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit;
 Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
 Is Wisdom's root.

ROBERT BURNS.

owre=too, over.
 blate=bashful.

snool=submit tamely.
 dool=lament.

Mary Morison.

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said among them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?

If love for love thou wilt na gie, •
 At least be pity to me shown;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURNS.

bide=endure.
 stoure=hardship.
 gaed=went.
 braw=fine.

faut=fault.
 gie=give.
 canna=cannot.

197

Rantin, Rovin Robin.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But whatna day o' whatna style,
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Chorus—

Robin was a rovin boy,
 • Rantin, rovin, rantin, rovin,
 Robin was a rovin boy,
 Rantin, rovin Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof:
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

“He’ll hae misfortunes great an’ sma’,
 But ay a heart aboon them a’,
 He’ll be a credit till us a’—
 We’ll a’ be proud o’ Robin.

“But sure as three times three mak nine,
 I see by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin’,
 So leeze me on thee! Robin.”

ROBERT BURNS.

whatna = what.
 hansel = luck.
 keekit = peered.
 loof = palm.
 scho = she.
 waly = lusty.

coof = fool.
 aboon = above
 till = to.
 ilka = every.
 leeze me on = bless.

198 Oh, wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

O^H, wert thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,⁴
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I’d shelter thee, I’d shelter thee;
 Or did Misfortune’s bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a’, to share it a’.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there;

Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.

cauld = cold.
 airt = quarter.

biold = shelter.
 wad = would.

199 **The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.**

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
 And ere they paid the lawing,
 They set a combat them between,
 To fight it in the dawning.

“O stay at hame, my noble lord !
 O stay at hame, my marrow !
 My cruel brother will you betray,
 On the dowie houns of Yarrow.”

“O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye !
 O fare ye weel, my Sarah !
 For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
 Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.”

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
 As oft she had done before, O ;
 She belted him with his noble brand,
 And he's awa' to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gat'd wi' sorrow ;
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd men,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

“ O come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie Forest thorough ?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow ? ”

“ I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow ;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.”

“ If I see all, ye're nine to one ;
And that's an unequal marrow ;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.”

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow, •
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his bodie thorough.

“ Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her noble lord ;
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow.”

“ Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream ;
I fear there will be sorrow !
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

“O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth !

“But in the glen strive armed men ;
They’ve wrought me dole and sorrow ;
They’ve slain—the comeliest knight they’ve slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.”

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi’ dole and sorrow,
And in the den spyed ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaim’d his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough ;
She kiss’d them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

“Now, haud your tongue, my daughter dear !
For a’ this breeds but sorrow ;
I’ll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.”

“O haud your tongue, my father dear,
Ye mind me but of sorrow ;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp’d on Yarrow.”

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

lawing = reckoning.
dawing = dawn.
marrow = consort, match.
dowie = doleful. ●
houns = water-meads.
kaimed = combed.

gaed = went.
good-brother = brother-in-law.
yestreen = last night.
pu’d = pulled.
dole = grief.
haud = hold.

200

Sir Patrick Spens.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
“ O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine ? ”

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee,—
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea.”

Our King has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

“ To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read, •
Sae loud loud laughèd he,
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

“ O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea ?

“ Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet.
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say,—

“Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud,
And a' our Queenis fee.”
“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie.

“For I brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

“Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.”
“Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

“I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm ;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

“ O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land ? ”

“ O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast ;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land. ”

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

“ Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in. ”

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
• To weet their cork-heel'd shoon !
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
 That flattered on the faem;
 And mony was the gude lord's son
 That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
 The maidens tore their hair,
 A' for the sake of their true loves,
 For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
 Wi' their goud kaimes in their hair,
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they'll see nae mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

skeely skipper = skilful captain.
 braid = broad.
 faem = foam.
 maun = must.
 neist = next.
 weet = wet.
 hoysed = hoisted.
 goud = gold.
 gane = suffice.
 half-fou = eighth of a peck.
 gude = good.

vestreen = last night.
 lift = sky.
 gurly = rough.
 lap = sprang.
 bout = bolt.
 twine = canvas.
 wap = warp.
 laith = loth.
 flattered = floated
 mair = more.
 kaimes = combs.

PART II.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE

1. **The Solitary Reaper.**

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no^one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago :
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;—
 I listened, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

2 Lines composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey.

FIVE years have past ; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal flame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul :
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft—
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer through the woods.
 How often has my spirit turned to thee !

• And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again :
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope, •
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills ; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led : more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,

Their colours and their forms, were then to me .
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Not perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee : and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear

Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service : rather say
 With warmer love—oh ! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

3. She was a Phantom of Delight.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely Apparition, sent •
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn • •
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty ; •
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;

A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A Traveller between life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

4

The Happy Warrior.

WHO is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?
 — It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright :
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,

And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable trait!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
• Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
• • And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,

A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

5

My Heart Leaps Up.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

6

To the Cuckoo.

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place ;
That is fit home for Thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

7

Westminster Bridge.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

8

The Poet.

BUT who is He, with modest looks,
 And clad in homely russet brown ?
 He murmurs near the running brooks
 A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
 Or fountain in a noon-day grove ;
 And you must love him, ere to you
 He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

9

British Freedom.

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

10

The Sonnet.

I.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room ;
And hermits are contented with their cells ;
And students with their pensive citadels ;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
Pleased if some Souls (for such their needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

II.

SCORN not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress, with which Dante crowned

His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

11

Ode to Duty

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free ;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not :
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them
 cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name
I long for a repose that ever is the same

Yet not the less would I throughout
Still act according to the voice
Of my own wish ; and feel past doubt
That my submissiveness was choice :
Not seeking in the school of pride
For "precepts over dignified,"
Denial and restraint I prize
No farther than they breed a second Will more wise.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face : •

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
 and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee : I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
 The confidence of reason give ;
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !
 . WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

12 She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A Maid whom there were none to praise,
 And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye !—
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me !
 . WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

12

It is a Beauteous Evening.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

14. Three Years she grew in Sun and Shower.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

“She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

15

Milton.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

16

I heard a Thousand Blended Notes.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure,—
But the least motion which they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

17 **The World is too much with Us.**

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

18

O Friend, I know not.

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd
To think that now our life is only drest
For show ; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;
The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
Plain living and high thinking are no more :
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

**19 Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation
of Switzerland.**

TWO Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

20

Intimations of Immortality.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
 stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparell'd in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
 'Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose ;
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

'Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity ;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by ;
 To whom the grave
 Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
 Of day or the warm light,
 A place of thought where we in waiting lie ;
 'Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX.

O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :-

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings ;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,

To perish never :

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the Children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

x.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

xi.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet ;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

21

The Crowded Hour.

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

22.

Hunting Song.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day, .
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear !
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain grey,
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :

And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The British Army.

A VARIOUS host—from kindred realms they
came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.

Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their scorn of death in Freedom's
cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with
the Laws.

And, O ! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land !
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave ;
But ne'er in battle-field throbbed heart so brave,
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid ;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid !

Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee :
Boast, Erin, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she :
And HE, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle !—the Hero is thine
own.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

24

Young Lochinvar.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the
best ;

And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, “’Twere better by
far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scour;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

• SIR WALTER SCOTT.

25

Pitt.

HADST thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
 A watchman on the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand ;
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright ;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne :
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

26

The Rover's Adieu.

“ **A** WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine !
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine !
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
 No more of me you knew,
 My love !
 No more of me you knew.

“ This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain ;
 But she shall bloom in winter spow,
 Ere we twø meet again.”—

He turned his charger as he spake,
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love !
 And adieu for evermore."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

27

Pibroch of Donald Dhu.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan-Donuil.
 Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons !
 Come in your war-array,
 Gentles and commons.

• Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.
 Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar ;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges ;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
spoke,
" Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns
to be broke ;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

“Come fill up my cup, come fillup my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!”

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, “Just e'en let
him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.”
Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and
slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was
crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in
each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was
free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke :
“Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”
Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
“Where’er shall direct me the shade of Montrose !
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

“There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,
If there’s lords in the Lowlands, there’s chiefs in the
North ;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three,
Will cry *hoigh* ! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

“There’s brass on the target of barked bull-hide ;
There’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside ;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I’ll couch with the fox ;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me ! ”
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

gang = go.
douce = sedate.
ilk = every.
carline = old woman.
flyting = scolding.

couthie = pleased.
slee = sly.
hafted gullies = handled knives.
barkened = tanned.

29

The Thread of Life.

TWIST ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,
Mingle human bliss and woe.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BUT as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring ;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

31 **Edinburgh from Blackford Hill.**

BLACKFORD ! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din.
Now, from the summit to the plain,

Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy moan,
Of early friendships past and gone.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.

When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red ;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town !

But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :

And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, " Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land ! "

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

32

The Trossachs.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;

For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found, in each cliff a narrow bower ;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

38

Jock o' Hazeldean.

“WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride :
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

“Now let this wilfu' grief be done;
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

•
“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair ;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
 The ladie was not seen !
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

loot = let.

baith = both.

34

The Skylark.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG.

35 **Lock the Door, Lariston.**

“**L**OCK the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale ;
 Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on ;
 The Armstrongs are flying,
 The widows are crying,
The Castletown’s burning, and Oliver’s gone !

“Lock the door, Lariston—high on the weather-
 gleam
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
 Yeomen and carbineer,
 Billman and halberdier,
• Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry !

“Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar ;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey ;
 Hidley and Howard there,
 • Wandale and Windermere ;
Lock the door, Lariston ; hold them at bay.

“Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston ?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye ?
 Thou bold Border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger ;
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.”

Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasp’d the sword with a nervous embrace ;
 “Ah, welcome, brave foeman,
 On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase !

“Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here ;
Little know you of our moss-troopers’ might—
 Linhope and Sorbie true,
 Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight !

“I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array ;
 Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Broken tower end shall the fray ! ”

Scowled the^a broad sun o’er the links of green
 Liddesdale,
Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold ;
 Many a bold martial eye
 Mirror’d that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle’s note, dreadful the warrior’s shout,
Lances and halberds in splinters were borne ;
 Helmet and hauberk then,
 Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane—the proud files of the Winder-
 mere !
Howard ! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day !
 Hear the wide welkin rend,
 While the Scots’ shouts ascend—
“ Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye ! ”

36

Sweet Month of May.

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted :
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd,
Within that shaft of sunny mist ;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst !

And thus he sang : “ Adieu ! adieu !
Love’s dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms, they make no delay :
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.

Sweet month of May,

We must away ;

Far, far away !

To-day ! to-day ! ”

SAMUEL • TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

37

The Enchanted Voyage.

FOR when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,^o
She made a sudden bound ;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.”

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :

It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.
• SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

39

Love.

• **A**LL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leane^d against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright :
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Hæd thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

VERSE, a Breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where HOPE clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine! Life went a-maying
 With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,
 When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woeful WHEN!
 Ah for the Change 'twixt Now and Then!
 This breathing House not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery Cliffs and glittering Sands,
 How lightly *then* it flashed along:—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding Lakes and Rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of Sail or Oar,
 That fear no spite of Wind or Tide!
 Nought cared this Body for wind or weather
 When YOUTH and I lived in't together.
 FLOWERS are lovely; LOVE is flower-like;
 FRIENDSHIP is a sheltering tree;
 O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,
 Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah, woeful ERE,
 Which tells me, YOUTH's no longer here!
 O YOUTH! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone!
 Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:—
 And thou wert aye a Masker bold!
 What strange Disguise hast now put on,
 To *make believe*, that thou art gone?

I see these Locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping Gait, this altered Size :
 But SPRINGTIDE blossoms on thy Lips,
 And Tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but Thought : so think I will
 That YOUTH and I are House-mates still.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

41

Friends in Youth.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth,
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spake words of high disdain ,
 And insult to his heart's best brother .
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs that had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The Spirit of Nature.

O LADY! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the Earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be—
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

48

The Scholar.

MY days among the dead are past ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old ;
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

44

Love.

THEY sin who tell us love can die :
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :
 Earthly these passions, as of earth,
 They perish when they have their birth.
 But love is indestructible ;
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
 And hath in heaven its perfect rest.
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of love is there.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

45

Night.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent
 knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

46

The Poet's Epitaph.

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife.
 Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art:
 I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

47

Twenty Years Hence.

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow,
 If not quite dim, yet rather so,
 Yet yours from others they shall know
 Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence, tho' it may hap
 That I be call'd to take a nap
 In a cool cell where thunder-clap
 Was never heard,

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
 A not too-sadly sigh'd *Alas*,
 And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
 That wingèd word.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Pleasures of the Forest.

TO see the sun to bed and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him,
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretcht, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less;
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms provide
Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop, and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
Like bashful youngers in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

CHARLES LAMB.

The Old Familiar Faces.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me.
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

YE Mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze ! •

Your glorious standard launch 'again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.
 THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Hohenlinden.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly :

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“ Hearts of oak ! ” our captains cried ; when
Each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoč did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—

Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

v.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave :
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;—
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.”—

vi.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

vii.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died—
 With the gallant good Riou ;
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoes,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !—

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A Canadian Boat Song.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

THOMAS MOORE.

54

Go where Glory waits thee.

GO where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh ! then remember me !

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh ! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,

Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh ! still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I us'd to sing thee,—
 Oh ! then remember me.

THOMAS MOORE.

55 The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.—
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.⁴¹

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells ;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

56

• The Last Rose of Summer.

'TIS the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THOMAS MOORE.

57

' The Light of Other Days.

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, ·
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

Barthram's Dirge.

THEY shot him dead on the Nine-stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross ;
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the muir and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The saugh and the aspen gray ;
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside,
She tore her long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-well,
His wounds sae deep and sair ;
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
And the grey-friars sang the dead man's mass,
As they passed the Chapel-Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspen gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
 By the edge of the Nine-stane burn,
 And they covered him o'er with the heather-flower,
 The moss and the lady-fern.

A grey-friar staid upon the grave,
 And sang till morning tide ;
 And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
 While the Headless Cross shall bide.

ROBERT SURTEES.

muir = heath.

saugh = willow

sair = severe.

59

My Ain Countree.

HAME, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
 The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countree ;
 Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',
 The bonnie White Rose it is withering an' a' ;
 But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
 An' green it will graw in my ain countree.

O, there's nocht now frae ruin my country can save,
 But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave ;
 That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie
 May rise again an' fight for their ain countree.

The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,
 The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
 O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ain = own.
 an' a' = also.

blude = blood.
 nocht = naught.

mirk = gloom.

60

A Sea Song.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 But hark the music, mariners !
 The wind is piping loud ;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

61

Abou Ben Adhem.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee then,
 "Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

HE said ; and straight the herald Argicide
Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,
Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear
O'er seas and lands, like waftage of the air ;
His rod too, that can close the eyes of men
In balmy sleep, and open them again,
He took, and holding it in hand, went flying ;
Till from Pieria's top the sea descrying,
Down to it sheer he dropp'd, and scour'd away
Like the wild gull, that fishing o'er the bay
Flaps on, with pinions dipping in the brine ;
So went on the far sea the shape divine.
And now arriving at the isle, he springs
Oblique, and landing with subsided wings,
Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks,
Where dwelt the goddess with the lovely locks.
He paused ; and there came on him, as he stood,
A smell of citron and of cedar wood,
That threw a perfume all about the isle ;
And she within sat spinning all the while,
And sang a lovely song, that made him hark and smile.

A sylvan nook it was, grown round with trees,
Poplars, and elms, and odorous cypresses,
In which all birds of ample wing, the owl
And hawk, had nests, and broad-tongued water-fowl.

The cave in front was spread with a green vine,
Whose dark round bunches almost burst with wine ;
And from four springs, running a sprightly race
Four fountains, clear and crisp, refresh'd the place ;

While all about, a meadowy ground was seen,
 Of violets mingling with the parsley green :
 So that a stranger, though a god were he,
 Might well admire it, and stand there to see ;
 And so admiring, there stood Mercury.

LEIGH HUNT.

63

The Ocean.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou, —
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Born, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

64

The Poet's Adieu.

MY boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea ;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate ;
 And, whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on ;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may I e won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasp'd upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.
LORD BYRON.

65

The Dying Gladiator.

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash,* fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday,—
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your
ire !

* LORD BYRON.

66

Stanzas for Music.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it
takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,
which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself
be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of
happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess :
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in
vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never
stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself
comes down ;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its
own ;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the
ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth
distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their
former hope of rest ;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey
beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have
been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a
vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would
flow to me.

LORD BYRON.

67

The Isles of Greece.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow,
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh ! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells ;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells ;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

LORD BYRON.

68 The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
 gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew
still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

69

Waterloo.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet,—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips---“The foe ! they
come ! they come !”

And wild and high the “Cameron’s gathering”
rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan’s, Donald’s fame rings in each clansman’s
ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty’s circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day

Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

LORD BYRON.

70

Venice.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
 A palace and a prison on each hand :
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred
 isles !

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :
 And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear :

Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear.
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

LORD BYRON.

71

She Walks in Beauty.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace,
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent !

LORD BYRON.

CLIME of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame :

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

LORD BYRON.

73

A Shipwreck.

THEN rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the
brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony!

LORD BYRON.

74 The Burial of Sir John Moore.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

• CHARLES WOLFE.

75

Ode to the West Wind.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, O, hear !

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : O, hear !

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : O, hear !

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O, uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

76

The Skylark.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower :

Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass :

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymenæal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of
pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,

77

The Cloud.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that awaken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depth of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he dissolves in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanos are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow ;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.

She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams ;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams :
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

II.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm
In the rocks ;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep

III.

“Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair !”
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer ;
And under the water
The Earth’s white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam ;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream :—
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones ;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams

Weave a 'net-work of coloured light;
And under the caves,
' Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night:—
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain cliffs
They past to their Dorian home.

v.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise, they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noon-tide they flow
' Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Hymn of Pan.

I.

FROM the forests' and highlands
We come, we come ;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb,
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme, •
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

II.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni and Sylvans and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

III.

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the dædal Earth,
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
 And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
 And then I changed my pipings,—
 Singing how down the vale of Mænalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed :
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.
 ‘ PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Hellas.

THE world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The 'earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn :
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far ;
 A new Peneus rolls its fountains
 Against the morning-star.
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be !
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free :
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime ;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued :
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease ! must hate and death return ?
Cease ! must men kill and die ?
Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy !
The world is weary of the past,
O might it die or rest at last !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

81

Music and Memory.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory ;
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.
 Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heap'd for the beloved's bed ;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

82

The Waterfowl.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps
 of day,
 Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking willows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form—yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHEN youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead—
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet ' modest flowers of spring,
 How fleet your balmy day!
 And man's brief year can bring
 No secondary May;

No earthly burst again
 Of gladness out of gloom,
 Fond hope and vision vain,
 Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief
 That on some solemn shore,
 Beyond the sphere of grief,
 Dear friends shall meet once more;

Beyond the sphere of time,
 And Sin and Fate's control,
 Serene in changeless prime
 Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
 That hope I'll not forego;
 Eternal be the sleep,
 Unless to waken so.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

1.

MY heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wardt had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II.

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green, •
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

V.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves

VI.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath ;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain.
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown.
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

VIII.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

85 On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

86 Grasshopper and Cricket.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.
JOHN KEATS.

87

Song of Sorrow

O SORROW,
 Why dost borrow
 The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips ?
 'To give maiden blushes
 To the white rose bushes ?
 Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips ?

•

O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye ?
 'To give the glowworm light ?
 Or, on a moonless night,
 To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-spry ?

•

O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue ?
 To give at evening pale
 Unto the nightingale,
 That thou may'st listen the cold dew among ?

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day-
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow,
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind:
I would deceive her,
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

Young Stranger:
I've been a ranger
In search of pleasure throughout every clime;
Alas! 'tis not for me:
Bewitched I sure must be,
To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

Come then, Sorrow,
Sweetest Sorrow;
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
I thought to leave thee,
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

There is not one,
 No, no, not one
 But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;
 Thou art her mother,
 And her brother,
 Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.
 JOHN KEATS.

88

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

I.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loth ?
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

II.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone !

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

III.

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Leadest thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

v.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
 " Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need 'o know.

JOHN KEATS.

89

Beauty.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

JOHN KEATS.

The Mermaid Tavern.

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's canary wine?
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his maid Marian,
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's signboard flew away,
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story—
 Said he saw you in your glory.

Underneath a new old-sign •
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac. .

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

JOHN KEATS.

91

Autūmn.

I.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-caves run ;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more, . . .
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

II.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store :
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers :
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozyngs hours by hours.

III.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn :
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft ;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

92 To One who has been long in City pent.

TO one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with hearts content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment ?

Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.
JOHN KEATS.

93

Ruth.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

94

I Remember.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

95

• **The Song of the Shirt.**

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work—work—work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof;
 And work—work—work
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

“ Oh ! men with sisters dear !
Oh ! men with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“ But why do I talk of death !
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
A table,—a broken chair,—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

“ Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.”

“Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright ;—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet !
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !

“Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread ! ”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich !—
She sang this “Song of the Shirt ! ”

THOMAS HOOD.

96

A Jacobite's Epitaph.

TO my true king I offered, free from stain,
 Courage and faith ; vain faith and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
 And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep.
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see,
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust—A broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

97

The Armada.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble Eng
 land's praise ;
 I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancie
 days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore
 vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts
 Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Ply-
mouth Bay;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a
mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace;
And the tall Pinta till the noon had held her close in
chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty
hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the
coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound
the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an
ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her
Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.
Ho, strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight! Ho, scatter
flowers, fair maids!
Ho, gunners, fire a loud salute! Ho, gallants, draw
your blades!
Thou sun, shine on her joyously, ye breezes, waft her
wide,
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride!
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread,
High on St Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miner poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down.
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light;
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street.
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the war-
like errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started
for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang
from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the bound-
less plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

98

School and Schoolfellows.

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
 Of filthy trades and traffics ;
 I wondered what they meant by stock ;
 I wrote delightful Sapphics ;
 I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
 I supped with Fates and Furies,—
 Twelve years ago I was a boy,
 A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago !—How many a thought
 Of faded pains and pleasures
 Those whispered syllables have brought
 From Memory's hoarded treasures !
 The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
 The glories and disgraces,
 The voices of dear friends, the looks
 Of old familiar faces !

Kind Mater smiles again to me,
 As bright as when we parted ;
 I seem again the frank, the free,
 Stout-limbed and simple-hearted !
 Pursuing every idle dream,
 And shunning every warning ;
 With no hard work but Boyney stream,
 No chill except Long Morning :

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball
 That rattled like a rocket ;
 Now hearing Wentworth's " Fourteen all !"
 And striking for the pocket ;

Now feasting on a cheese and fitch,
 Now drinking from the pewter;
 Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
 Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone;
 No playmate shares my beaker:
 Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
 And some—before the Speaker;
 And some compose a tragedy,
 And some compose a rondo,
 And some draw swords for Liberty,
 And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
 Without the fear of sessions;
 Charles Medlar loathed false quantities
 As much as false professions;
 Now Mill keeps order in the land,
 A magistrate pedantic;
 And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
 Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
 Does Dr Martext's duty;
 And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
 Is married to a Beauty;
 And Darrell studies, week by week,
 His Mant, and not his Manton;
 And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
 Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now;—
 The world's cold chains have bound me;
 And darker shades are on my brow,
 And sadder scenes around me.

In Parliament I fill my seat;
With many other noodles,
And lay my head in Jermyn Street,
And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hoby in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry,—

For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remembered hobby;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk,
To shiver in the lobby;
I wish that I could run away
From House and Court and Levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day
Just Eton boys grown heavy,—

That I could bask in childhood's sun
And dance o'er childhood's roses,
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses,
And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids Houris,—
That I could be a boy again,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

99 **Childhood and his Visitors.**

ONCE on a time, when sunny May
 Was kissing up the April showers,
 I saw fair Childhood hard at play
 Upon a bank of blushing flowers :
 Happy—he knew not whence or how,—
 And smiling,—who could choose but love him ?
 For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
 Was the blue heaven that beam'd above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
 That valley's green repose invaded ;
 The brooks grew dry upon his path,
 The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
 But Time so swiftly wing'd his flight,
 In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
 That Childhood watch'd his paper kite,
 And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye
 •Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute ;
 But Childhood's glance of purity
 Had such a holy spell within it,
 That the dark demon to the air
 Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
 And hid his envy and despair,
 Self-tortured in his own dominion.

Then stepp'd a gloomy phantom up,
 Pale, cypress-crown'd, Night's awful daughter,
 And proffer'd him a fearful cup
 Full to the brim of bitter water :

Poor Childhood bade her tell her name ;
And when the beldame mutter'd—"Sorrow,"
He said,—"Don't interrupt my game ;
I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The Muse of Pindus thither came,
And woo'd him with the softest numbers
That ever scatter'd wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's slumbers ;
Though sweet the music of the lay,
To Childhood it was all a riddle,
And "Oh," he cried, "do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle !"

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last for ever.
She talk'd of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on ! Oh ! Manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
Of cherish'd love, or hoarded treasure :
But to the couch where Childhood lies
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remember'd Heaven !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

100

The Vicar.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipped rows of box and myrtle ;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour-steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
“Our master knows you—you're expected.”

Uprose the Reverend Dr Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow ;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow ;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—

If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses :
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished truth, or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius :
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses ;

True histories of last year's ghost,
 Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
 And trifles for the Morning Post,
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
 Although he had a knack of joking ;
 He did not make himself a bear,
 Although he had a taste for smoking ;
 And when religious sects ran mad,
 He held, in spite of all his learning,
 That if a man's belief is bad,
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
 In the low hut or garnished cottage,
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,
 And share the widow's homelier pottage :
 At his approach complaint grew mild ;
 And when his hands unbarred the shutter,
 The clammy lips of fever smiled
 The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
 Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus ;
 From him I learned the Rule of Three,
 Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.
 I used to singe his powdered wig,
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,
 And make the puppy dance a jig,
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change ! in vain I look
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled :

The church is larger than before,—
 You reach it by a carriage-entry ;
 It holds three hundred people more,
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
 Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
 Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
 Where is the old man laid ? Look down,
 And construe on the slab before you :

*Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,
 Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.*

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

101

My Little' Cousins.

LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you
 All life is joyous yet ;
 Your hearts have all things to pursue,
 And nothing to regret ;
 And every flower to you is fair,
 And every month is May ;
 You've not been introduced to Care,—
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
 Upon those sunny eyes ;
 The voice whose every word is song
 Will set itself to sighs ;
 Your quiet slumbers,—hopes, and fears
 Will chase their rest away ;
 To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,—
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Oh yes ; if any truth is found
 In the dull schoolman's theme,—
 If friendship is an empty sound,
 And love an idle dream,—
 If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
 Too soon on life's long way,
 At least he'll run with you a league,—
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
 As childhood's hues depart ;
 You may be lovelier to the sight,
 And dearer to the heart ;
 You may be sinless still, and see
 This earth still green and gay ;
 But what you are you will not be,—
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

O'er me have many winters crept,
 With less of grief than joy ;
 But I have learned, and toiled, and wept,—
 I am no more a boy !
 I've never had the gout, 'tis true,
 My hair is hardly grey ;
 But now I cannot laugh like you ;
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

I used to have as glad a face,
 As shadowless a brow :
 I once could run as blithe a race
 As you are running now ;
 But never mind how I behave,
 Don't interrupt your play,
 And though I look so very grave,
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

102

The Nameless One.

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea ;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee !

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there once was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after-ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song,—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how the Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
 Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
 With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes blasted,
 He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
 And some whose hands should have wrought for him
 (If children live not for sires and mothers),
 His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
 The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
 And pawned his soul for the Devil's dismal
 Stock of returns :

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
 And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
 When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness
 Stood in his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
 And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
 He bides in calmness the silent morrow
 That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
 At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
 He lives, enduring what future story
 Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
 Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
 He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
 Here and in hell.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

103

Dream-Pedlary.

IF there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

104

The Bells of Shandon.

WITH deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling around my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
 Cathedrāl shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate,-
But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine ;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame ; ~

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
'Pealing solemnly,—
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O!
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY
(*Father Prout*).

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still :
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide !
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain ;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak ;
There are dreams that cannot die ;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me like a chill :
 “ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
 When I visit the dear old town ;
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,
 As they balance up and down,
 Are singing the beautiful song,
 Are sighing and whispering still :
 “ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s Woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that were
 I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still :
 “ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”
 HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I HAVE a name, a little name,
 Uncondemned for the ear,
 Unhonour’d by ancestral claim,
 Unsanctified by prayer and psalm,
 The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove
For gay romance, belong,
It never dedicate did move
As "Sacharissa," unto love—
"Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read
• Upon the leaves of none,
And afterward, when I am dead,
Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,
Across my funeral stone.

This name, whoever chance to call,
Perhaps your smile may win;
Nay, do not smile! mine eyelids fall
Over mine eyes, and feel withal
The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows
Where summer meadows bloom,
But gathereth the winter snows,
And changeth to the hue of those,
If lasting till they come?

Is there a word, or jest, or game;
But time encrusteth round
With sad associate thoughts the same?
And so to me my very name
Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me
When we were children twain;
When names acquired baptismally
Were hard to utter, as to see
That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one
Of chestnuts from the hill—
And through the wood our laugh did run
As part thereof! The mirth being done,
He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile! I hear in it
What none of you can hear!—
The talk upon the willow seat,
The bird and wind that did repeat
Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,
My sisters' woodland glee,—
My father's praise, I did not miss,
When stooping down he cared to kiss
The poet at his knee;—

And voices, which to name me, aye
Their tenderest tones were keeping!—
To some, I never more can say
An answer, till God wipes away
In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears;
No murmurs cross my mind:
Now God be thank'd for these thick tears,
Which show, of those departed years,
Sweet memories left behind!

Now God be thank'd for years enwrought
With love which softens yet!
Now God be thank'd for every thought
Which is so tender, it hath caught
Earth's guerdon of regret!

The earth may sadden, not remove,
Our love divinely given;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And lead us nearer Heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

107

A Musical Instrument.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flow'd the river;
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove, it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
 (How tall it stood in the river!),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notch'd the poor dry empty thing
 In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god Pan
 (Laugh'd while he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
 Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds of the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The Last Leaf.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

•OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

109

The Chambered Nautilus.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
 And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unscaled !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil ;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
 more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !
 While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings :—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

110 **Dryden and Thackeray.**

WHEN one whose nervous English verse
 Public and party hates defied,
 Who bore and bandied many a curse
 Of angry times—when Dryden died,

Our royal Abbey's Bishop-Dean
 Waited for no suggestive prayer,
 But, ere one day closed o'er the scene,
 Craved as a boon to lay him there.

The wayward faith, the faulty life,
 Vanished before a nation's pain ;
 "Panther" and "Hind" forgot their strife,
 And rival statesmen thronged the fane.

O gentle Censor of our age !
 Prime master of our ampler tongue !
 Whose word of wit and generous page
 Were never wroth except with wrong,—

Fielding—without the manners' dross,
 Scott—with a spirit's larger room,
 What prelate deems thy grave his loss ?
 What Halifax erects thy tomb ?

But may be, He who so could draw
 The hidden great, the humble wise,
 Yielding with them to God's good law,
 Makes the Panthéon where he lies.

LORD HOUGHTON.

111

The Men of Old.

I KNOW not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow :
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run ;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man *now* his Virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears ;
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares :
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
As noble boys at play.

LORD HOUGHTON.

112

The Sorrow of Ænone.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
 The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
 Stands up and takes the morning : but in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
 Mournful Ænone, wandering forlorn
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
 Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
 Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

“O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill :
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass :
 The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
 Rests like a shadow, and the cicada sleeps.
 The purple flowers droop : the golden bee
 Is lily-cradled : I alone awake.
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,

My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

“O mother Ida, many-fountain’d Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me O Earth, hear me O Hills, O Caves
That house the cold crown’d snake! O mountain
 brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather’d shape : for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.”

LORD TENNYSON.

113

Chaucer.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
 The Legend of Good Women, long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made,
 His music heard below ;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
 Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
 With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
 Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho’ my heart,
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
 The downward slope to death.
 LORD TENNYSON.

114 Of Old sat Freedom on the Heights.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet :
 Above her shook the starry lights :
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
 Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
 But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then step she down thro' town and field
 To mingle with the human race,
 And part by part to men reveal'd
 The fulness of her face,—

Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down,
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
 And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes!

LORD TENNYSON.

115 The Passing of Arthur.

AND slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 T, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 If only for themselves and those who call them friend ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

LORD TENNYSON.

116

The Yearning of Youth.

MAKE me feel the wild pulsation, that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of
my life ;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years
would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's
field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer
drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary
dawn ;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him
then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs
of men.

LORD TENNYSON.

117

Wellington.

WHO is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier
and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,

Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,

A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

LORD TENNYSON.

118

Break, break, break.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON.

119 **The Progress of the World.**

HERE at least, where nature sickens, nothing.
Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began
to beat.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far
away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy
skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of
Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the
trailer from the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-
fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres
of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this
march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that
shake mankind.

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my
words are wild,
But I count the grey barbarian lower than the Christian
child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
LORD TENNYSON.

120

A Farewell.

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river:
No where by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here 'will sigh thine alder-tree,
 And here thine aspen shiver ;
 And here by thee will hum the bee,
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
 A thousand moons will quiver ;
 But not by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

121 **The Charge of the Light Brigade.**

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade !
 Charge for the guns ! " he said :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"
 Was there a man dismay'd ?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd :
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
• Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

LORD TENNYSON.

122 For I Dipt into the Future.

FOR I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
 see,
 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
 would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
 sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
 bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd
 a ghastly dew
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
 blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the
thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-
flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
LORD TENNYSON.

123

The Brook.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, "
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the nettle sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

124

Queen Victoria.

HER court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.

LORD TENNYSON.

125

The Wisdom of Pallas.

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control,

These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Yet not for power (power of herself

Would come uncall'd for), but to live by law,

Acting the law we live by without fear ;

And, because right is right, to follow right

Were wisdom in the Scorn of consequence.

LORD TENNYSON.

126

The Splendour Falls.

THE splendour falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story :

The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,

And thinner, clearer, farther going !

O sweet and far from cliff and scar

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :

Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,

They faint on hill or field or river :

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON.

127

College Memories.

I PAST beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown ;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows ; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same grey flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same ; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :
I linger'd ; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
 But send it slackly from the string ;
 And one would pierce an outer ring,
 And one an inner, here and there ; ,

And last the master-bowman, he,
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
 We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
 The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
 And music in the bounds of law,
 To those conclusions when we saw
 The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;
 And over those ethereal eyes
 The bar of Michael Angelo.

LORD TENNYSON.

128 **The Days that are no More.**

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.
LORD TENNYSON.

129

Ring out, Wild Bells.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON.

130 **HOMÈ they Brought her Warrior Dead.**

HOMÈ they brought her warrior dead :
 She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 " She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”
LORD TENNYSON.

131

Love and Death.

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
 But tho' I seem in star and flower
 To feel thee some diffusive power,
 I do not therefore love thee less :

My love involves the love before ;
 My love is vaster passion now ;
 Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
 I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
 I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
 I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

LORD TENNYSON.

132 **The Red Thread of Honour.**

· **E**LEVEN men of England
 · A breast-work charged in vain ;
 · Eleven men of England
 Lie stripped and gashed and slain,—
 Slain, but of foes that guarded
 Their rock-built fortress well,
 Some twenty had been mastered
 When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
 Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
 Then flashed at once on each fierce clan dismay
 Lord of their wild Truckee.

These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,
Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
And in that glorious error calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply
Above those daring dead :
“Bring here,” at length he shouted,
“Bring quick the battle-thread.
Let Eblis blast for ever
Their souls if Allah will ;
But we must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

“Before the Ghuznee tiger
Leaped forth to burn and slay,
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray,
Before Secunder’s lances
Pierced through each Indian glen,
The mountain laws of honour
Were framed for fearless men.

“Still, when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green one wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
The green one, or the red ?”

“Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
Their green reward,” each noble savage said ;
“To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red ?”

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came ;
Beneath a waning moon each spectral height
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead ;
From his good sword their heart's blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried : " The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red be given,
Have we not more to do ?

" These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold ;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God ;
Unmoved and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

" As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

" If I were now to ask you
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.

He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

"The songs they sing of Roostum
Fill all the past with light ;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.
But were these heroes living
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
Have climbed, like these, the hill ? "

And they replied : " Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
As chief he chose himself what risks to run ;
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done ! "

" Enough ! " he shouted fiercely ;
" Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round *both* wrists,—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den ? "

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern " Amen ! "
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten.
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around *both* wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core,
Rang like an echo to that knightly deed ;
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read,
SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

133 **Loss of the Birkenhead.**

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down ;
The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose ;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women robe.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;
Her timbers thrill'd as nerves, when through them
pass'd
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !
The sea turn'd one clear smile ! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Form'd us in line to die.

To die !—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers :—
All to the boats ! cried one :—he was, thank God,
No officer of ours !

Our English hearts beat true :—we would not stir :
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not :
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
To keep without a spot !

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek ;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall ?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf :—

They sleep as well ! and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

• SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

134

Private of the Buffs.

LAST night among his fellow-roughs
 He jested, quaff'd and swore :
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never look'd before.
 To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewilder'd, and alone,
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own.
 Ay ! tear his body limb from limb ;
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame !—
 He only knows, that not through him
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd
 Like dreams to come and go ;
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
 One sheet of living snow :
 The smoke above his father's door
 In gray soft eddyings hung :—
 Must he then watch and rise no more,
 Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, Honour calls !—with strength like steel
 He put the vision by :
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
 An English lad must die !

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink
 To his red grave he went.

—Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
 Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons !
 So, let his name through Europe ring—
 A man of mean estate
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

135 **Epitaph on a Favourite Dog.**

NOT hopeless, round this calm sepulchral spot
 A wreath presaging life, we twine ;
 If God be Love, what sleeps below was not
 Without a spark divine.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

136 **The White Squall.**

ON deck, beneath the awning,
 I dozing lay and yawning ;
 It was the grey of dawning,
 Ere yet the sun arose ;
 And above the funnel's roaring,
 And the fitful wind's deploring,
 I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.

I could hear the passengers snorting—
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze !

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck ;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to spack. . .

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were,
Their pipes did puff alway ;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave Iberia¹ bowling
Before the break of day——

When a SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding ;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing
As she heard the tempest blowing ;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle :
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels ;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places ;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling ;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken ;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them ;

And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins ;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorr'd ;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children ;
The men sung " Allah ! Illah !
Mashallah Bismillah ! "
As the warring waters doused them
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it. . . .

c.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September ;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, " Potztausend,
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend ? "
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle, "
And scorned the tempest's tussle,
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter :
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle ;

And when a wreck we thought her,
 And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
 How gaily he fought her,
 And through the hubbub brought her,
 And as the tempest caught her,
 Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
 The harmless storm was ended,
 And as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea;
 I thought, as day was breaking,
 My little girls were waking,
 And smiling, and making
 A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

137

The End of the Play.

THE play is done ; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell :
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task ;
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas time.

On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play ;
Good night ! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away !

Good night !—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain than those of men ;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, 'we suffer' and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys ;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift ;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?
Blessed be He who took and gave !

Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave ?

We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give, or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit :
Who brought him to that mirth and state ?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed ;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen ! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young !
(Bear kindly with my humble lays) ;
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days :

The shepherds heard it overhead—
 The joyful angels raised it then :
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth ;
 I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,
 Be this, good friends, our carol still—
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.

‘ WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

138

Home-Thoughts from Abroad.

O H, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
 Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest 'you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little childer's dower,
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

139 **Home-Thoughts from the Sea.**

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-
 west died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
 Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
 lay:
 In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar
 grand and grey;
 "Here and here did England help me,—how can I
 help England?"—say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
 and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.

140 **The Song of David.**

OH, our manhood's prime vigour!
 No spirit feels waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing,
 Nor sinew unbraced.
 Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping
 From rock up to rock—
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,—
 The cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—
The hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion
Is couched in his lair.
And the meal—the rich dates—yellowed over
With gold dust divine,
And the locust's-flesh steeped in the pitcher ;
The full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel
Where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling
So softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living !
How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses,
For ever in joy !
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father,
Whose sword thou didst guard
When he trusted thee forth with the armies,
For glorious reward ?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother,
Held up as men sung
The low song of the nearly-departed,
And heard her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness
“ Let one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime,
And all was for best . . . ”
Then they sung thro' their tears in strong triumph,
Not much,—but the rest.
And thy brothers, the help and the contest,
The working whence grew
Such result as from seething grape-bundles,
The spirit strained true !

And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood
 Of wonder and hope,
 Present promise, and wealth of the future
 Beyond the eye's scope—
 Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch;
 A people is thine;
 And all gifts which the world offers singly,
 On one head combine!
 On one head, all the beauty and strength,
 Love and rage, like the throe
 That, a-work in the rock, helps its labour,
 And lets the gold go:
 High ambition and deeds which surpass it,
 Fame crowning it,—all
 Brought to blaze on the head of one creature
 —King Saul!

ROBERT BROWNING.

141

The Sands o' Dee.

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,—
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home
 Across the sands o' Dee!”

The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
 And never home came she.

“ Oh, is it weed or fish or floating hair—
 A tress o’ golden hair,
 O’ drownéd maiden’s hair,
 Above the nets, at sea ?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Across the stakes on Dee.”

They row’d her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea :
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o’ Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

142

The Jester’s Moral.

I S human life a pleasant game
 That gives the palm to all ?
 A fight for fortune, or for fame,
 A struggle, and a fall ?
 Who views the Past, and all he prized,
 With tranquil exultation ?
 And who can say, I’ve realised
 My fondest aspiration ?

Alas, not one ! No, rest assured
 That all are prone to quarrel
 With Fate, when worms destroy their gourd,
 Or Mildew spoils their laurel :
 The prize may come to cheer our lot,
 But all too late ; and granted
 ’Tis even better, still ’tis not
 Exactly what we wanted.

My schoolboy time ! I wish to praise
 That bud of brief existence,
 The vision of my younger days
 Now trembles in the distance.
 An envious vapour lingers here,
 And there I find a chasm ;
 But much remains, distinct and clear,
 To sink enthusiasm.

Such thoughts just now disturb my soul
 With reason good, for lately
 I took the train to Marley-knoll,
 And cross'd the fields to Mately.
 I found old Wheeler at his gate,
 Who used rare sport to show me :
 My Mentor once on springle and bait—
 But Wheeler did not know me.

“ Good lord ! ” at last exclaim'd the churl,
 “ Are you the little chap, sir,
 What used to train his hair in curl,
 And wore a scarlet cap, sir ? ”
 And then he took to fill in blanks,
 And conjure up old faces ;
 And talk of well-remember'd pranks
 In half-forgotten places.

It pleased the man to tell his brief
 And rather mournful story,—
 Old Bliss's school had come to grief,
 And Bliss had “ gone to glory.”
 His trees were fell'd, his house was razed,
 And what less keenly pain'd me,
 A venerable donkey grazed
 Exactly where he caned me.

And where have all my playmates sped,
Whose ranks were once so serried?
Why, some are wed, and some are dead,
And some are only buried:
Frank Petre, erst so full of fun,
Is now St Blaise's prior,
And Travers, the attorney's son,
Is member for the shire.

Dull maskers we! Life's festival
Enchants the blithe new-comer;
But seasons change, then where are all
These friendships of our summer?
Wan pilgrims flit athwart our track,
Cold looks attend the meeting;
We only greet them, glancing back,
Or pass without a greeting!

I owe old Bliss some rubs, but pride
Constrains me to postpone 'em,—
He taught me something ere he died,
About *nil nisi bonum*.
I've met with wiser, better men,
But I forgive him wholly;
Perhaps his jokes were sad, but then
He used to storm so drolly.

I still can laugh, is still my boast,
But mirth has sounded gayer;
And which provokes my laughter most,
The preacher, or the player?
Alack, I cannot laugh at what
Once made us laugh so freely,
For Nestroy and Grassot are not—
And where is Mr Keeley?

O, shall I run away from hence,
 And dress and shave like Crusoe?
 Or join St Blaise? No, Common Sense
 Forbid that I should do so.
 I'd sooner dress your Little Miss
 As Paulet shaves his poodles!
 As soon propose for Betsy Bliss,
 Or get proposed for Boodle's.

We prate of Life's illusive dyes,
 And yet fond hope misleads us;
 We all believe we near the prize,
 Till some fresh dupe succeeds us!
 A bright reward, forsooth! And though
 No mortal has attain'd it,
 I still hope on, for well I know
 That Love has thus ordain'd it.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

143

Shakespeare.

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
 Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

144

Philomela.

HARK! ah, the nightingale—
 The tawny-throated!
 Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
 What triumph! hark!—what pain!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
 Still, after many years, in distant lands,
 Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
 That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
 Say, will it never heal?
 And can this fragrant lawn
 With its cool trees, and night,
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
 And moonshine, and the dew,
 To thy rack'd heart and brain
 Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
 Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
 Dost thou again peruse
 With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?
 Dost thou once more assay
 Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
 Poor fugitive, the feathery change
 Once more, and once more seem to make resound
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,

Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
 Listen, Eugenia —
 How thick the bursts come crowding through the
 leaves!
 Again—thou hearest?
 Eternal passion!
 Eternal pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

145

Wordsworth.

AND Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
 For never has such soothing voice
 Been to your shadowy world convey'd,
 Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
 Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
 Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
 Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,
 Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
 He too upon a wintry clime
 Had fallen—on this iron time
 Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
 He found us when the age had bound
 Our souls in its benumbing round;
 He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
 He laid us as we lay at birth
 On the cool flowery lap of earth,
 Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
 The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
 Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
 Our youth return'd; for there was shed
 On spirits that had long been dead,
 Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
 The freshness of the early world.

Ah ! since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goëthe's sage mind and Byron's force ;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?
 Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breast to steel ;
 Others will strengthen us to bear—
 But who, ah ! who, will make us feel ?
 The cloud of mortal destiny,
 Others will front it fearlessly—
 But who, like him, will put it by ?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
 O Rotha, with thy living wave !
 Sing him thy best ! for few or none
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Death of Sohrab.

SO, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead ;
 And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
 Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
 As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd
 By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
 His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
 Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
 So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
 And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
 And darken'd all ; and a cold fog, with night,
 Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,

As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
 Began to twinkle through the fog ; for now
 Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal ;
 The Persians took it on the open sands
 Southward, the Tartars by the river marge ;
 And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
 Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
 Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
 Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
 Under the solitary moon ;—he flow'd
 Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
 Brimming, and bright, and large ; then sands begin
 To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
 And split his currents ; that for many a league
 The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
 In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
 A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last
 The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
 Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

147 • Far from the Madding Crowd.

O BORN in days when wits were fresh and clear,
 And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames ;
 Before this strange disease of modern life,
 With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
 Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—
 Fly hence, our contact fear !

Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood !
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude !

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales !

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly !
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest ;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made ;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Ægæan isles ;

And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
 Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
 Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine—
 And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves—
 And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail;
 And day and night held on indignantly
 O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
 To where the Atlantic raves
 Outside the western straits; and unbent sails
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets
 of foam,
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
 And on the beach undid his corded bales.

● MATTHEW ARNOLD.

148 The Highland Exile's Lament.

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father
 Sing long ago the song of other shores—
 Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
 All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:

● CHORUS.

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
 But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
 Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
 Yet still the blood is strong; the heart is Highland,
 And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
 Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear
 stream,
 In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
 Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.
 When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanish'd,
 Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—
 No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
 That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep.
 Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter !
 O then for clansman true, and stern claymore—
 The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
 Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar :

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
 But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

ANON.

149

Keith of Ravelston.

THE murmur of the mourning ghost
 That keeps the shadowy kine ;—
 Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
 The sorrows of thy line !
 Ravelston, Ravelston,
 The merry path that leads
 Down the golden morning hill
 And through the silver meads ;
 Ravelston, Ravelston,
 The stile beneath the tree,
 The maid that kept her mother's kine,
 The song that sang she !

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode thro' the Monday morn. •

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine !—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade ;
And still there sits a moonshining ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine ;—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger ! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine ;—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine ;—
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

150

The Peel Life-Boat.

OF Charley Cain, the cox,
And the thunder of the rocks,
And the ship St George—
How he balked the sea-wolf's gorge
Of its prey —
Southward bound from Norraway ;
And the fury and the din,
And the horror and the roar,
Rolling in, rolling in,
Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore !

See the Harbour-master stands,
Cries—"Have you all your hands?"
Then, as an angel springs
With God's breath upon his wings,
She went ;
And the black storm robe was rent
With the shout and with the din. . .

And the castle walls were crowned,
And no woman lay in swoond,
But they stood upon the height
Straight and stiff to see the fight,
For they knew
What the pluck of men can do :
With the fury and the din. . . .

"Lay aboard her, Charley lad!"
"Lay aboard her!—Are you mad?
With the bumping and the scamper
Of all this loose deck hamper,
And the yards
Dancing round us fierce like cards,"
With the fury and the din. . . .

So Charley scans the rout,
Charley knows what he's about,
Keeps his distance, heaves the line—
"Pay it out there true and fine !
Not too much, men !
Take in the slack, you Dutchmen !"
With the fury and the din. . . .

Now the hawser's fast and steady,
And the traveller rigged and ready.
Says Charley—"What's the lot ?"
"Twenty-four." Then like a shot—
"Twenty-three,"
Says Charley, "'s all I see"—
With the fury and the din. . . .

"Not a soul shall leave the wreck,"
Says Charley, "till on deck
You bring the man that's hurt."
So they brought him in his shirt—
O, it's fain
I am for you, Charles Cain—
With the fury and the din. . . .

And the Captain and his wife,
And a baby ! Odds my life !
Such a beauty ! Such a prize !
And the tears in Charley's eyes.
Arms of steel,
For the honour of old Peel
Haul away amid the din. . . .

Sing ho ! the seething foam !
Sing ho ! the road for home !

And the hulk they've left behind,
 Like a giant stunned and blind
 With the loom
 And the boding of his doom—
 With the fury and the din. . .

“Here's a child! don't let it fall!”
 Says Charley, “Nurse it, all!”
 O the tossing of the breasts!
 O the brooding of soft nests,
 Taking turns,
 As each maid and mother yearns
 For the babe that 'scaped the din. . . .

See the rainbow-bright and broad!
 Now, all men, thank ye God,
 For the marvel and the token,
 And the word that 'He hath spoken!
 With Thee,
 O Lord of all that be,
 We have peace amid the din,
 And the horror, and the roar,
 Rolling in, rolling in,
 Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore.

T. E. BROWN.

151

The Schooner.

JUST mark that schooner westward far at sea—
 'Tis but an hour ago
 When she was lying hoggish at the quay,
 And men ran to and fro
 And tugged, and stamped, and shoved, and pushed,
 and swore,
 And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,
 Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore.

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled :

Then one the tiller took,
And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled ;
And one the canvas shook
Forth like a mouldy bat ; and one, with nods
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit end, and called
And cursed the Harbour-master by his gods.

•

And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,
Rat-riddled, bilge-bestank,
Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel
And drag her oozy flank,
And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed
And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

•

And now, behold ! a shadow of repose
Upon a line of gray
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose,
• She sleeps and dreams away,
Soft blended in a unity of rest
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes
'Neath the broad benediction of the West.— •

Sleeps ; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,
And dies, and is a spirit pure ;
Lo ! on her deck, an angel pilot keeps
His lonely watch secure ;
And at the entrance of Heaven's dockyard waits
Till from night's leash the fine-breathed morning
leaps,
And that strong hand within unbars the gates. •

T. E. BROWN.

152

Changed.

I KNOW not why my soul is rack'd :
Why I ne'er smile as was my wont :
I only know that, as a fact,
I don't.
I used to roam o'er glen and glade
Buoyant and blithe as other folk :
And not unfrequently I made
A joke.

A minstrel's fire within me burn'd.
I'd sing, as one whose heart must break
Lay upon lay : I nearly learn'd
To shake.
All day I sang ; of love, of fame,
Of fights our fathers fought of yore,
Until the thing almost became
A bore.

I cannot sing the old songs now !
It is not that I deem them low ;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go.
I could not range the hills till high
Above me stood the summer moon :
And as to dancing, I could fly
As soon.

The sports, to which with boyish glee
I sprang erewhile, attract no more ;
Although I am but sixty-three
Or four.

Nay, worse than that, I've seem'd of late
To shrink from happy boyhood—boys
Have grown so noisy, and I hate
A noise.

They fright me, when the beech is green,
By swarming up its stem for eggs :
They drive their horrid hoops between
My legs :—
It's idle to repine, I know ;
I'll tell you what I'll do instead :
I'll drink my arrowroot, and go
To bed.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

153

Motherhood.

SHE laid it where the sunbeams fall
Unscann'd upon the broken wall.
Without a tear, without a groan,
She laid it near a mighty stone,
Which some rude swain had haply cast
Thither in sport, long ages past,
And Time with mosses had o'erlaid,
And fenced with many a tall grassblade,
And all about bid roses bloom
And violets shed their soft perfume.
There, in its cool and quiet bed,
She set her burden down and fled :
Nor flung, all eager to escape,
One glance upon the perfect shape
That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,
But motionless and soundless there.

No human eye had mark'd her pass
 Across the linden-shadow'd grass
 Ere yet the minster clock chimed seven/
 Only the innocent birds of heaven—
 The magpie, and the rook whose nest
 Swings as the elmtree waves his crest—
 And the lithe cricket, and the hoar
 And huge-limb'd hound that guards the door,
 Look'd on when, as a summer wind
 That, passing, leaves no trace behind,
 All unapparell'd, barefoot all,
 She ran to that old ruin'd wall,
 To leave upon the chill dank earth
 (For ah! she never knew its worth)
 'Mid hemlock rank, and fern, and ling,
 And dews of night, that precious thing!

And there it might have lain forlorn
 From morn till eve, from eve to morn:
 But that, by some wild impulse led,
 The mother, ere she turn'd and fled,
 One moment stood erect and high;
 Then pour'd into the silent sky
 A cry so jubilant, so strange,
 That Alice—as she strove to range
 Her rebel ringlets at her glass—
 Sprang up and gazed across the grass;
 Shook back those curls so fair to see,
 Clapp'd her soft hands in childish glee;
 And shriek'd—her sweet face all aglow,
 Her very limbs with rapture shaking—
 "My hen has laid an egg, I know;
 - And only hear the noise she's making!"

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

154

Requiem.

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

•
This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

• ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

155

Mother and Son.

•
IT is not yours, O mother, to complain,
Not, mother, yours to weep,
Though nevermore your son again
Shall to your bosom creep,
Though nevermore again you watch your baby sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth,
Mother and child, no more
We wander ; and no more the birth
Of me whom once you bore,
Seems still the brave reward that once it seemed of
yore ;

•
Though as all passes, day and night,
The seasons and the years,
From you, O mother, this delight,
This also disappears—
•
Some profit yet survives of all your pangs and tears.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work the almighty will.

So from the hearth the children flee,
By that almighty hand
Austerely led ; so one by sea
Goes forth, and one by land ;
Nor aught of all man's sons escapes from that command.

So from the sally each obeys
The unseen almighty nod ;
So till the ending all their ways
Blindfolded loth have trod :
Nor knew their task at all, but were the tools of God.

And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade,
Nor wielded in the front of war
The weapons that he made,
But in the tower at home still plied his ringing trade ;

So like a sword the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent ;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the mother well content.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

156

A Grievance.

DEAR Mr Editor : I wish to say—
 If you will not be angry at my writing it—
 But I've been used, since childhood's happy day,
 When I have thought of something, to inditing it :
 I seldom think of things : and, by the way,
 Although this metre may not be exciting, it
 Enables one to be extremely terse,
 Which is not what one always is in verse.

I used to know a man,—such things befall
 The observant wayfarer through Fate's domain :
 He was a man, take him for all in all,
 We shall not look upon his like again :
 I know that statement's not original :
 What statement is, since Shakspeare ? or, since Cain,
 What murder ? I believe 'twas Shakspeare said it, or
 Perhaps it may have been your Fighting Editor.

Though why an Editor should fight, or why
 A Fighter should abase himself to edit,
 Are problems far too difficult and high
 For me to solve with any sort of credit :
 Some greatly more accomplished man than I
 Must tackle them : let's say then Shakspeare said it :
 And, if he did not, Lewis Morris may
 (Or even if he did). Some other day,

When I have nothing pressing to impart,
 I should not mind dilating on this matter :
 I feel its import both in head and heart,
 And always did,—especially the latter :
 I could discuss it in the busy mart
 Or on the lonely housetop : hold ! this chatter

Diverts me from my purpose. To the point :
The time, as Hamlet said, is out of joint,

And I perhaps was born to set it right ;
A fact I greet with perfect equanimity ;
I do not put it down to " cursed spite " :
I don't see any cause for cursing in it : I
Have always taken very great delight
In such pursuits since first I read divinity :
Whoever will may write a nation's songs
As long as I'm allowed to right its wrongs.

What's Eton but a nursery of wrong-righters,
A mighty mother of effective men,
A training-ground for amateur reciters,
A sharpener of the sword as of the pen,
A factory of orators and fighters,
A forcing-house of genius ? Now and then,
The world at large shrinks back, abashed and beaten,
Unable to endure the glare of Eton.

I think I said I knew a man : what then ?

I don't suppose such knowledge is forbid :
We nearly all do, more or less, know men,—

Or think we do : nor will a man get rid
Of that delusion, while he wields a pen :

But who this man was, what, if aught, he did,
Nor why I mentioned him, I do not know :
Nor what I " wished to say " a while ago.

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN.

157

England.

ENGLAND, queen of the waves whose green
inviolâte girdle enrings thee round,
Mother fair as the morning, where is now the place
of thy foemen found?

Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them
stricken, acclaims thee crowned.

Times may change, and the skies grow strange with
signs of treason and fraud and fear :

Foes in union of strange communion may rise against
thee from far and near :

Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as cankers
waxing from year to year.

Yet, though treason and force unreason should league
and lie and defame and smite,

We that know thee, how far below thee the hatred
burns of the sons of night,

We that love thee, behold above thee the witness
written of life in light.

Life that shines from thee shows forth signs that none
may read not but eyeless foes :

Hate, born blind, in his abject mind grows hopeful
now but as madness grows :

Love, born wise, with exultant eyes adores thy glory,
beholds and glows.

Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie, for-
saking the face of truth :

Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee, born again
from thy deathless youth :

Faith should fail, and the world turn pale, wert thou
the prey of the serpent's tooth.

Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may strive to
sting thee at heel in vain :
Craft and fear and mistrust may leer and mourn and
murmur and plead and plain :
Thou art thou : and thy sunbright brow is hers that
blasted the strength of Spain.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could claim in
place of thee England's place :
Earth bears none that beholds the sun so pure of
record, so clothed with grace :
Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine, as
strong or as fair of face,
How shalt thou be abased ? or how shall fear take
hold of thy heart ? of thine,
England, maiden immortal, laden with charge of life
and with hopes divine ?
Earth shall wither, when eyes turned hither behold
not light in her darkness shine.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives, by
grace of thy glory, free,
Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope to
serve as he worships thee ;
None may sing thee : the sea-wind's wing beats down
our songs as it hails the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

158

A Jacobite's Exile.

1746.

THE weary day rins down and dies,
The weary night wears through :
And never an hour is fair wi' flower,
And never a flower wi' dew.

I would the day were night for me,
I would the night were day :
For then would I stand in my ain fair land,
As now in dreams I may.

O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
And loud the dark Durance :
But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
Than a' the fields of France ;
And the waves of Till that speak sae still.
Gleam goodlier where they glance. .

O weel were they that fell fighting
On dark Drumossie's day :
They keep their hame ayont the faem,
And we die far away.

O sound they sleep, and saft, and deep,
But night and day wake we ;
And ever between the sea banks green
Sounds loud the sundering sea.

And ill we sleep, sae sair we weep,
But sweet and fast sleep they;
And the-mool that haps them roun' and lay's them
Is e'en their country's clay;
But the land we tread that are not dead
Is strange as night by day.

Strange as night in a strange man's sight,
Though fair as dawn it be:
For what is here that a stranger's cheer
Should yet wax blithe to see?

The hills stand steep, the dells lie deep,
The fields are green and gold:
The hill-streams sing, and the hill-sides ring,
As ours at home of old.

But hills and flowers are nane of ours,
And ours are oversea:
And the kind strange land whereon we stand,
It wotsna what were we
Or ever we came, wi' scathe and shame,
To try what end might be.

Scathe, and shame, and a waefu' name,
And a weary time and strange,
Have they that seeing a weird for dreeing
Can die, and cannot change.'

Shame and scorn may we thole that mourn;
Though sair be they to dree:
But ill may we bide the thoughts we hide,
Mair keen than wind and sea.

Ill may we thole the night's watches,
And ill the weary day :
And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep,
A waefu' gift gie they ;
For the sangs they sing us, the sights they bring us,
The morn blows all away.

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw,
The burn rins blithe and fain :
There's nought wi' me I wadna gie
To look thereon again.

On Keilder-side the wind blows wide :
There sounds nae hunting-horn
That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat
Round banks where Tyne is born.

The Wansbeck sings with all her springs,
The bents and braes give ear ;
But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings
I may not see nor hear ;
For far and far thae blithe burns are,
And strange is a' thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there brightens,
The loud wind there lives free :
Nae light comes nigh me or wind blows by me
That I wad hear or see.

But O gin I were there again,
Afar ayont the faem,
Cauld and dead in the sweet saft bed
That haps my sires at hame !

We'll see nae fnair the sea-banks fair,
 And the sweet grey gleaming ~~sky~~,
 And the lordly strand of Northumberland,
 And the goodly towers thereby :
 And none shall know but the winds that blow
 The graves wherein we lie.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

mool = mould.
 weird for dreeing = fate to suffer.

thole = bear.
 braw = bravely.

159 A Gentleman of the Old School.

HE lived in that past Georgian day,
 When men were less inclined to say
 That "Time is Gold," and overlay
 With toil their pleasure ;
 He held some land, and dwelt thereon,—
 Where, I forget,—the house is gone ;
 His Christian name, I think, was John,—
 His surname, Leisure.

Reynolds has painted him,—a face
 Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
 Fresh-coloured, frank, with ne'er a trace
 Of trouble shaded ;
 The eyes are blue, the hair is drest
 In plainest way,—one hand is prest
 Deep in a flapped canary vest,
 With buds brocaded.

He wears a brown old Brunswick coat,
 With silver buttons,—round his throat,
 A soft cravat ;—in all you note

An elder fashion,—
 A strangeness, which, to us who shine
 In shapely hats,—whose coats combine
 All harmonies of hue and line,
 Inspires compassion.

He lived so long ago, you see !
 Men were untravelled then, but we,
 Like Ariel, post o'er land and sea
 With careless parting ;
 He found it quite enough for him
 To smoke his pipe in " garden trim,"
 And watch, about the fish tank's brim,
 The swallows darting.

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue,—
 He liked the thrush that stopped and sung,—
 He liked the drone of flies among
 His netted peaches ;
 He liked to watch the sunlight fall
 Athwart his ivied orchard wall ;
 Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call
 Beyond the beeches.

His were the times of Paint and Patch,
 And yet no Ranelagh could match
 The sober doves that round his thatch
 Spread tails and sidled ;
 • He liked their ruffling, puffed content,—
 For him their drowsy wheelings meant.
 More than a Mall of Beaux that bent,
 Or Belles that bridled.

Not that, in truth, when life began,
 He shunned the flutter of the fan ;
 He too had maybe "pinked his man"
 In Beauty's quarrel ;
 But now his "fervent youth" had flown
 Where lost things go ; and he was grown
 As staid and slow-paced as his own
 Old hunter, Sorrel.

Yet still he loved the chase, and held
 That no composer's score excelled
 The merry horn, when Sweetlip swelled
 Its jovial riot ;
 But most his 'measured words of praise
 Caressed the angler's easy ways,—
 His idly meditative days,—
 His rustic diet.

Not that his "meditating" rose
 Beyond a sunny summer doze ;
 He never troubled his repose
 With fruitless prying ;
 But held, as law for high and low,
 What God withholds no man can know,
 And smiled away inquiry so,
 Without replying.

We read—alas, how much we read !
 The jumbled strifes of creed and creed
 With endless controversies feed
 Our groaning tables ;
 His books—and they sufficed him—were
 Cotton's "Montaigne," "The Grave" of Blair,
 A "Walton"—much the worse for wear—
 And "Æsop's Fables."

One more,—“The Bible.” Not that he
 Had searched its page as deep as we;
 No sophistries could make him see
 Its slender credit;
 It may be that he could not count
 The sires and sons to Jesse’s fount,—
 He liked the “Sermon on the Mount,”—
 And more, he read it.

Once he had loved, but failed to wed,
 A red-cheeked lass who long was dead;
 His ways were far too slow, he said,
 To quite forget her;
 And still when time had turned him gray,
 The earliest hawthorn buds in May
 Would find his lingering feet astray,
 Where first he met her

“*In Calo Quies*” heads the stone
 On Leisure’s grave,—now little known,
 A tangle of wild-rose has grown
 So thick across it;
 The “Benefactions” still declare
 He left the clerk an elbow-chair,
 And “12 Pence Yearly to Prepare
 A Christmas Posset.”

Lie softly, Leisure! Doubtless you
 With too serene a conscience drew
 Your easy breath, and slumbered through
 The gravest issue;
 But we, to whom our age allows
 Scarce space to wipe our weary brows,
 Look down upon your narrow house,
 Old friend, and miss you!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

160 **A Gentlewoman of the Old School**

SHE lived in Georgian era too,
 Most women then, if bards be true,
 Succumbed to Routs and Cards, or grew
 Devout and acid.
 But hers was neither fate. She came
 Of good west-country folk, whose fame
 Has faded now. For us her name
 Is "Madam Placid."

Patience or Prudence,—what you will,
 Some prefix faintly fragrant still
 As those old musky scents that fill
 Our grandams' pillows;
 And for her youthful portrait take
 Some long-waist child of Hudson's make,
 Stiffly at ease beside a lake
 With swans and willows.

I keep her later semblance placed
 Beside my desk,—'tis lawned and laced,
 In shadowy sanguine stipple traced
 By Bartolozzi;
 A placid face, in which surprise
 Is seldom seen, but yet there lies
 Some vestige of the laughing eyes
 Of arch Piozzi.

For her e'en Time grew debonair.
 He, finding cheeks unclaimed of care,
 With late-delayed faint roses there,
 And lingering dimples,

Had spared to touch the fair old face,
And only kissed with Vauxhall grace
The soft white hand that stroked her lace,
Or smoothed her wimples.

So left her beautiful. Her age
Was comely as her youth was sage,
And yet she once had been the rage ;—
It hath been hinted,
Indeed, affirmed by one or two,
Some spark at Bath (as sparks will do)
Inscribed a song to "Lovely Prue,"
Which Urban printed.

I know she thought ; I know she felt ;
Perchance could sum, I doubt she spelt,
She knew as little of the Celt
As of the Saxon ;
I know she played and sang, for yet
We keep the tumble-down spinet
To which she quavered ballads set
By Arne or Jackson.

Her tastes were not refined as ours ;
She liked plain food and homely flowers,
Refused to paint, kept early hours,
Went clad demurely ;
Her art was sampler-work design,
Fireworks for her were "vastly fine,"
Her luxury was elder-wine,—
She loved that "purely."

She was renowned, traditions say,
For June conserves, for curds and whey,
For finest tea (she called it "tay"),
And ratafia ;

She knew, for sprains, what bands to choose,
Could tell the sovereign wash to use
For freckles, and was learned in brews
As erst Medea.

Yet studied little. She would read,
On Sundays, "Pearson on the Creed,"
Though, as I think, she could not heed
His text profoundly;
Seeing she chose for her retreat
The warm west-looking window-seat,
Where, if you chanced to raise your feet,
You slumbered soundly.

This, 'twixt ourselves. The dear old dame,
In truth, was not so much to blame;
The excellent divine I name
Is scarcely stirring;
Her plain-song piety preferred
Pure life to precept. If she erred,
She knew her faults. Her softest word
Was for the erring.

If she had loved, or if she kept
Some ancient memory green, or wept
Over the shoulder-knot that slept
Within her cuff-box,
I know not. Only this I know,
At sixty-five she'd still her beau,
A lean French exile, lame and slow,
With monstrous snuff-box.

Younger than she, well-born and bred,
She'd found him in St Giles', half dead
Of teaching French for nightly bed
And daily dinners;

Starving, in fact, 'twixt want and pride ;
 And so, henceforth, you always spied
 His rusty "pigeon-wings" beside
 Her Mechlin pinners.

He worshipped her, you may suppose.
 She gained him pupils, gave him clothes,
 Delighted in his dry bons mots
 And cackling laughter ;
 And when, at last, the long duet
 Of conversation and picquet
 Ceased with her death, of sheer regret
 He died soon after.

Dear Madam Placid ! Others knew
 Your worth as well as he, and threw
 Their flowers upon your coffin too,
 I take for granted.
 Their loves are lost ; but still we see
 Your kind and gracious memory
 Bloom yearly with the almond-tree
 The Frenchman planted.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

161 The Ballad of "Beau Brocade."

"Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches !"

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

SEVENTEEN hundred and thirty-nine :—
 That was the date of this tale of mine.

First great GEORGE was buried and gone ;
 GEORGE the Second was plodding on.

LONDON then, as the "Guides" aver,
Shared its glories with *Westminster*;

And people of rank, to correct their "tolie,"
Went out of town to *Marybone*.

Those were the days of the War with *Spain*,
PORTO-BELLO would soon be ta'en;

WHITEFIELD preached to the colliers grim,
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him;

WALPOLE talked of "a man and his price";
Nobody's virtue was ever-nice:—

Those, in fine, were the brave days when
Coaches were stopped by . . . *Highwaymen*!

And of all the knights of the gentle trade
Nobody bolder than "BEAU BROCADE."

This they knew on the whole way down;
Best,—maybe,—at the "*Oak and Crown*."

(For timorous cits on their pilgrimage
Would "club" for a "Guard" to ride the stage;

And the Guard that rode on more than one
Was the Host of this hostel's sister's son.)

Open we here on a March-day fine,
Under the oak with the hanging sign.

There was Barber DICK with his basin by;
Cobbler JOE with the patch on his eye;

Portly product of Beef and Beer, •
John the host, he was standing near.

Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,
Lumbering came the "*Plymouth Fly*";—

Lumbering up from *Bagshot Heath*,
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth ;

Passengers heavily armed inside ;
Not the less surely the coach had been tried !

Tried !—but a couple of miles away,
By a well-dressed man !—in the open day !

Tried successfully, never a doubt,—
Pockets of passengers all turned out !

Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped,—
Even an Ensign's wallet stripped !

Even a Methodist hosier's wife
Offered the choice of her Money or Life !

Highwayman's manners no less polite,
Hoped that their coppers (returned) were right ;—

Sorry to find the company poor,
Hoped next time they'd travel with more ;—

Plucked them all at his ease, in short :—
Such was the "*Plymouth Fly's*" report.

Sympathy ! horror ! and wonderment !
"Catch the Villain !" (But Nobody went.)

Hosier's wife led into the Bar ;
(That's where the best strong waters are !)

Followed the tale of the hundred-and-one
Things that Somebody ought to have done.

Ensign (of BRAGG's) made a terrible clangour :
But for the Ladies had drawn his hanger !

Robber, of course, was "BEAU BROCADE" ;
Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid.

Devonshire DOLLY, plump and red,
Spoke from the gallery overhead ;—

Spoke it out boldly, staring hard :—
"Why didn't you shoot then, GEORGE the Guard?"

Spoke it out bolder, seeing him mute :—
"GEORGE the Guard, why didn't you shoot?"

Portly JOHN grew pale and red,
(JOHN was afraid of her, people said ;)

Gasped that "DOLLY was surely cracked,"
(JOHN was afraid of her—that's a fact !)

GEORGE the Guard grew red and pale,
Slowly finished his quart of ale :—

"Shoot ? Why—Rabbit him !—didn't he shoot ?"
Muttered—"The Baggage was far too 'cute !"

"Shoot? Why he'd flashed the pan in his eye!"
Muttered—"She'd pay for it by and by!"
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made,
For GEORGE *was in league with* "BEAU BROCADE"!

And JOHN the Host, in his wakefullest state,
Was not—on the whole—immaculate.

But nobody's virtue was over-nice
When WALPOLE talked of "a man and his price";

And wherever Purity found abode,
'Twas certainly *not* on a posting road.

II.

"Forty" followed to "Thirty-nine."
Glorious days of the *Hanover* line!

Princes were born, and drums were banged;
Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

"Glorious news!"—from the *Spanish Main*;
PORTO-BELLO at last was ta'en.

"Glorious news!"—for the liquor trade;
Nobody dreamed of "BEAU BROCADE."

People were thinking of *Spanish Crowns*;
Money was coming from seaport towns!

Nobody dreamed of "BEAU BROCADE,"
(Only DOLLY the Chambermaid!) °

Blessings on VERNON! Fill up the cans,
Money was coming in "*Flys*" and "*Vans*."

Possibly JOHN the Host had heard;
Also, certainly, GEORGE the Guard.

And DOLLY had possibly tidings, too,
That made her rise from her bed anew,

Plump as ever, but stern of eye,
With a fixed intention to warn the "*Fly*."

Lingering only at JOHN his door,
Just to make sure of a jerky snore;

Saddling the gray mare, *Dumpling Star*;
Fetching the pistol out of the bar;

(The old horse-pistol that, they say,
Came from the battle of *Malplaquet*;))

Loading with powder that maids would use
Even in "Forty," to clear the flues;

And a couple of silver buttons, the Squire
Gave her, away in *Devonshire*.

These she wadded—for want of better—
With the B—SH—P of L—ND—N's "Pastoral
Letter";

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus equipped and accoutred, DOLLY
Clattered away to "*Exciseman's Folly*";—

Such was the name of a ruined abode,
Just on the edge of the *London* road.

Thence she thought she might safely try,
As soon as she saw it, to warn the "*Fly*."

But, as chance fell out, her rein she drew,
As the BEAU came cantering into the view.

By the light of the moon she could see him drest
In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest;

And under his silver-gray surtout,
The laced, historical coat of blue,

That he wore when he went to *London-Spau*,
And robbed Sir MUNGO MUCKLETHRAW.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,
(Trembling a little, but not afraid,)
"Stand and Deliver, O 'BEAU PROCADE'!"

But the BEAU rode nearer, and would not speak,
For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek;

And a spavined mare with a rusty hide;
And a girl with her hand at her pocket-side.

So never a word he spoke as yet,
For he thought 'twas a freak of MEG or BE—
A freak of the “*Rose*” or the “*Rummer*” set.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid,)
“Stand and Deliver, O ‘BEAU BROCADE’!”—

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,
Hit the BEAU in the bridle-arm.

Button the first went none knows where,
But it carried away his *solitaire*;

Button the second a circuit made,
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade;—
Down from the saddle fell “BEAU BROCADE”!

Down from the saddle and never stirred!—
DOLLY grew white as a *Windsor* curd.

Slipped not less from the mare, and bound
Strips of her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,
Fettered his ankles—tenderly.

Jumped on his chestnut, BET the fleet
(Called after BET of *Portugal Street*);

Came like the wind to the old Inn-door;—
Roused fat JOHN from a three-fold snore;—

Vowed she'd 'peach if he misbehaved . . .
Briefly, the “*Plymouth Fly*” was saved!

Staines and *Windsor* were all on fire :—
 DOLLY was wed to a *Yorkshire* squire ;
 Went to Town at the K—G's desire ! .

But whether His M—J—STY saw her or not,
 HOGARTH jotted her down on the spot ;

And something of DOLLY one still may trace
 In the fresh contours of his "*Milkmaid's*" face.

GEORGE the Guard fled over the sea :
 JOHN had a fit—of perplexity ;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state ;—
 But JOHN was never immaculate.

As for the BEAU, he was duly tried,
 When his wound was healed, at *Whitsuntide* ;

Served—for a day—as the last of "sights,"
 To the world of *St. James's-Street* and "*White's*,"

Went on his way to TYBURN TREE,
 With a pomp befitting his high degree.

Every privilege rank confers :—
 Bouquet of pinks at *St. Sepulchre's* ;

Flagon of ale at *Nolborn Bar* ;
 Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car—
 ("t" is omitted where HEROES are !)

Every one knows the speech he made ;
 Swore that he "rather admired the Jade !" —

Waved to the croud with his gold-laced hat :
Talked to the Chaplain after that ;

Turned to the Topsman undismayed . . .
This was the finish of "BEAU BROCADE" !

*And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide
In the leaves of a dusty "LONDONER'S GUIDE" ;*

*"Humbly Inscrib'd" (with curls and tails)
By the Author to FREDERICK, Prince of WALES :—*

*"Published by FRANCIS and OLIVER PINE ;
Ludgate-Hill, at the Blackmoor Sign.
Seventeen-Hundred-and-Thirty-Nine."*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

AS one that for a weary space has lain
Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine—
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—
So gladly from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like Ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

ANDREW LANG.

163

Father O'Flynn.

O F priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
 Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
 Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus.—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Sláinte, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 Tندرest teacher, and
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity
 Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
 Faix! and the divels and all at Divinity—

Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!

Come, I vinture to give ye my word,
 Niver the likes of his logic was heard,
 Down from mythology
 Into thayology,

Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.—*Chorus.*

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way
 wid you,

All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
 All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,

You've such a way wid you, Father avick!

Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,

Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,

Checking the crazy ones,

Coaxin' onaisy ones,

Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.—*Chorus.*

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity
 Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
 At comicality, Father, wid you?
 Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest:
 "Is it lave gaiety
 All to the laity?
 Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

Chorus.—

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Sláinte, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 'Tinderest teacher, and
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.
 ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

The Price of Admiralty.

WE have fed our sea for a thousand years
 And she calls us, still unfed,
 Though there's never a wave of all her waves
 But marks our English dead:
 We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest
 To the shark and the sheefing gull.
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
 But lifts a keel we manned;
 There's never an ebb goes seaward now
 But drops our dead on the sand—

But slinks our dead on the sands forlorn,
 From the Ducies to the Swin.
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
 For that is our doom and pride,
 As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind,
 Or the wreck that struck last tide—
 Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
 Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

165 The Ballad of East and West.

*OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the
 twain shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
 Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
 nor Birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
 from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-
 side,
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
 Colonel's pride:

He has lifted 'her out of the stable-door between the
dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her
far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop
of the Guides :

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides?"

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar :

"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into
Bonair,

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to
fare,

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can
fly,

By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win
to the Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is
sown with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a
man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough
dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and
the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him
stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not
long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he
can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of
the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whist-
ling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now
if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-
devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like
a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his
head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a
maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a
man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their
hoofs drum up the dawn;
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare
like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a watercourse—in a woful heap
fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled
the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
room was there to strive;
"Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye rode
so long alive :

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a
clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it
low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a
row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held
it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till
she could not fly.”
Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “Do good to
bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou
makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my
bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than a
thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their
men on the garnered grain;
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all
the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren
wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,
and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and
gear and stack,
Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my
own way back!”
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon
his feet.
“No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “when wolf and
grey wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or
breath ;

What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the
dawn with Death ? ”

Lightly answered the Colonel's son : “ I hold by the
blood of my clan :

Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she
has carried a man ! ”

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled
against his breast : •

“ We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “ but she
loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-
studded rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver
stirrups twain.”

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-
end,

“ Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he ; “ will
ye take the mate from a friend ? ”

“ A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight ; “ a limb for
the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to
him ! ”

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from
a mountain-crest,—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked
like a lance in rest.

“ Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “ who leads a
troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on
shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board
and bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy
head.

So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all
her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace
of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the
Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy
the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there
went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear,—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son.
"Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night
'tis a man of the Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat;*

*But there is neither East nor West, nor Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth !*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

166 **The Ballad of Foulweather Jack.**

ADMIRAL BYRON has weighed his anchor,
And put to sea in a gale :
But deep in his heart is a hidden canker,
Because of an oft-told tale.
Brave he may be, deny it who can,
Yet Admiral John is a luckless man ;
And the midshipmen's mothers cry, " Out, alack !
My lad has sailed with Foulweather Jack ! "

Admiral Byron has hoisted his pennant,
And steered for Cape Breton shore :
But the surgeon says to the first lieutenant,
" We shall never see Spithead more !
Weather-beaten and battle-scarr'd,
To Plymouth Hoe or to Portsmouth Harb, .
The crews return—but they never come back
Who sign and serve with Foulweather Jack !

" Many a frigate has he commanded,
In every storm that's blown :
He would fight with a squadron single-handed,
But his luck is the devil's own :
He loses the wind, he misses the tide,
He shaves the rocks, and his shots go wide ;
The fate is curst and the future black,
That hangs o'er the head of Foulweather Jack.

“As for me, I’m a tough old stager,
Nor care if I sink or swim,
But when I think of the stranded *Wager*,
My heart is heavy for him.
Round the world to ruin and wreck
He carried his luck on the *Dolphin’s* deck :
If ever a man had the gift and knack
Of sheer disaster, ’tis Foulweather Jack !”

As a seagull’s wings o’er the surges flutter
In the light of the sunset flame,
There hovered from westward a hasty cutter,
To speak with the frigate *Fame*.
“Twenty Parley-voo ships to-day
Lurk and loiter in Chaleur Bay ;
Like wolves they gather to make attack
On the ships and convoy of Foulweather Jack.

“Frigates three for your three are bidding,
And of arm’d privateers a score ;
Sloops and schooners at anchor riding,
Are waiting you close inshore :
Their guns are many, and yours are few ;
Eight to one they outnumber you :
The wind is low and the tide is slack,
But you yet may escape them, Foulweather Jack.”

The Admiral stood six foot and over,
He was stately and stern to see :
But his eyes lit up like those of a lover,
And merry of mind was he :
And the Byron blood and the Berkeley blood
Burned in his veins like a fiery flood,
And his pulses leaped, and his comely face
Glowed with the pride of a fighting rage.

The Admiral laughed with the wind's own laughter,
And spoke with the sea's own might,
"From danger and death, and what comes after,
No Englishman turns in flight :
They call me unlucky—to-day you'll learn
How the worst of luck for a time may turn :
We'll rid the seas of this vermin-pack,
And I'll be huntsman ! " quoth Foulweather Jack.

The twilight sank and the darkness settled,
The Admiral's frigate led :
She took the waves like a steed high-mettled,
And thus to his men he said :
"Desperate measures for desperate needs,
And valorous crews for dare-devil deeds :
A goodly quarry we have in track—
Clear the decks for action ! " says Foulweather Jack.

All through the night were the seabirds soaring,
Shrieking and scared from rest :
All through the night the guns were roaring
Under the seabirds' nest.
When morning broke in a glimmer grey,
There was dreadful silence in Chaleur Bay.—
Only the crackle of burning decks,
And cries for succour from crowded wrecks.

The *Bienfaisant* is aground and blazing,
And sunk is the proud *Marchault* :
The privateersmen aghast are gazing
At their vessels that burn a-row ;
The staggering smoke that volleys and blows
Shrouds the shattered *Marquis de Marlose*,
And the sloops and schooners in rout and wrack
Strew the pathway of Foulweather Jack.

The prisoners question in fear and wonder,
 "What fiend have we fought to-day ?
 We are burnt and splintered and split in sunder,
 Who boasted him soon our prey.
 He grappled and boarded us, one to ten,
 But he and his crew are devils, not men :
 Curs'd be the hour when we crossed the track
 Of this—how do you call him ?—Foulweather Jack ! "

Admiral Byron has counted his losses,
 And steered for Cape Breton shore ;
 The baulks and spars that the wild wave tosses,
 Last night they were ships of war.
 The wounded men in the cock-pit dim
 With feeble voices huzza for him :
 "The stars may fall and the skies may crack—
 But my luck is broken ! " says Foulweather Jack.
MAY BYRON.

RUFUS, a bright New Year ! A savoury stew,
 Bones, broth and biscuits, is prepared for you.
 See how it steams in your enamelled dish,
 Mixed in each part according to your wish.
 Hide in your straw the bones you cannot crunch—
 They'll come in handy for to-morrow's lunch ;
 Abstract with care each tasty scrap of meat,
 Remove each biscuit to a fresh retreat
 (A dog, I judge, would deem himself disgraced
 Who ate a biscuit where he found it placed) ;
 Then nuzzle round and make your final sweep,
 And sleep, replete, your after-dinner sleep.

High in our hall we've piled the fire with logs
For you, the *loyen* of our corps of dogs.
There, when the stroll that health demands is done,
Your right to ease by due exertion won,
There shall you come, and on your long-haired mat,
Thrice turning round, shall tread the jungle flat,
And, rhythmically snoring, dream away
The peaceful evening of your New Year's day.

Rufus! there are who hesitate to own
Merits, they say, your master sees alone.
They judge you stupid, for you show no bent
To any poodle-dog accomplishment.
Your stubborn nature never stooped to learn
Tricks by which mumming dogs their biscuits earn.
Men mostly find you, if they change their seat,
Couchant obnoxious to their blundering feet;
Then, when a door is closed, you steadily
Misjudge the side on which you ought to be;
Yelping outside when all your friends are in,
You raise the echoes with your ceaseless din,
Or, always wrong, but turn and turn about,
Howling inside, when all the world is out.
They scorn your gestures and interpret ill
Your humble signs of friendship and good will;
Laugh at your gambols, and pursue with jeers
The ringlets clustered on your spreading ears;
See without sympathy your sore distress
When *Ray* obtains the coveted caress,
And you, a jealous lump of growl and glare,
Hide from the world your head beneath a chair.
They say your legs are bandy—so they are:
Nature so formed them that they might go far.
They cannot brook your music; they assail
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail—

In short, in one anathema confound
 Shape, mind and heart, and all my little hound.
 Well, let them rail. If, since your life began,
 Beyond the customary lot of man
 Stauchness was yours ; if of your faithful heart
 Malice and scorn could never claim a part ;
 If in your master, loving while you live,
 You own no fault or own it to forgive ;
 If, as you lay your head upon his knee,
 Your deep-drawn sighs proclaim your sympathy ;
 If faith and friendship, growing with your age,
 Speak through your eyes and all his love engage ;
 If by that master's wish your life you rule—
 If this be folly, *Rufus*, you're a fool.

Old dog, content you ; *Rufus*, have no fear :
 While life is yours and mine your place is here.
 And when the day shall come, as come it must,
 When *Rufus* goes to mingle with the dust
 (If Fate ordains that you shall pass before
 To the abhorred and sunless Stygian shore),
 I think old Charon, putting through the dark,
 Will hear a sudden friendly little bark ;
 And on the shore he'll mark without a frown
 A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and brown.
 He'll take you in : since watermen are kind,
 He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.
 He'll ask no obol, but install you there
 On Styx's farther bank without a fare.
 There shall you sniff his cargoes as they come,
 And droop your head, and turn, and still be dumb—
 Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
 You run and prick a recognising ear,
 And last, oh, rapture ! leaping to his hand,
 Salute your master as he steps to land.

R. C. LEHMANN.

168

To Exiles.

ARE you not weary in your distant places,
Far far from Scotland of the mist and storm,
In stagnant airs, the sun-smite on your faces,
The days so long and warm?
When all around you lie the strange fields sleeping,
The ghastly woods where no dear memories roam,
Do not your sad hearts over seas come leaping,
To the highlands and the lowlands of your Home?

Wild cries the Winter, loud through all our valleys
The midnights roar, the grey noons echo back;
About the scalloped coasts the eager galleys
Beat for kind harbours from horizons black;
We tread the miry roads, the rain-drenched heather,
We are the men, we battle, we endure!
God's pity for you, exiles, in your weather
Of swooning winds, calm seas, and skies demure!

Wild cries the Winter, and we walk song-haunted
Over the hills and by the thundering falls,
Or where the dirge of a brave past is chaunted
In dolorous dusks by immemorial walls.
Though hails may beat us and the great mists blind us,
And lightning rend the pine-tree on the hill,
Yet are we strong, yet shall the morning find us
Children of tempest all unshaken still.

We wander where the little grey towns cluster
Deep in the hills or savedging the sea,
By farm-lands lone, by woods where wildfowl muster
To shelter from the day's inclemency;

And night will come, and then far through the darkling
 A light will shine out in the sounding glen,
 And it will remind us of some fond eye's sparkling,
 And we'll be happy then.

Let torrents pour, then, let the great winds rally,
 Snow-silence fall or lightning blast the pine,
 That light of Home shines warmly in the valley,
 And, exiled son of Scotland, it is thine.
 Far have you wandered over seas of longing,
 And now you drowse, and now you well may weep,
 When all the recollections come a-thronging,
 Of this rude country where your fathers sleep.

They sleep, but still the hearth is warmly glowing
 While the wild Winter blusters round their land;
 That light of Home, the wind so bitter blowing—
 Look, look and listen, do you understand?
 Love strength and tempest—oh, come back and share
 them!

Here is the cottage, here the open door;
 We have the hearts although we do not bare them,—
 They're yours, and you are ours for evermore.

NEIL MUNRO.

A BALLAD OF THE BOLD "MENELAUS."

IT was morning at St Helen's, in the great and
 gallant days,
 And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,
 When the frigate set her courses, all a-shimmer in the
 haze,
 And she hauled her cable home and took the tide.

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and
more,

Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours
at the fore,

When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and
more,*

*Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the
fore,*

When the bold Menelaus put to sea.

She was clear of Monte Cristo, she was heading for the
land,

When she spied a pennant red and white and blue ;
They were foemen, and they knew it, and they'd half
a league in hand,

But she flung aloft her royals, and she flew.
She was nearer, nearer, nearer, they were caught beyond
a doubt,

But they slipped her, into Orbetello Bay ;
And the lubbers gave a shout as they paid their cables
out,

With the guns grinning round them where they lay.

Now Sir Peter was a captain of a famous fighting race,

Son and grandson of an admiral was he ;
And he looked upon the batteries, he looked upon the
chase,

And he heard the shout that echoed out to sea.

And he called across the decks, "Ay! the cheering
might be late
If they kept it till the *Menelaus* runs;
Bid the master and his mate heave the lead and lay her
straight
For the prize lying yonder by the guns!"

When the summer moon was setting, into Orbetello
Bay
Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a ghost;
And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence
pulled away,
And in silence every gunner took his post.
With a volley from her broadside the citadel she
woke,
And they hammered back like heroes all the
night;
But before the morning broke she had vanished through
the smoke
With her prize upon her quarter grappled tight.

It was evening at St Helen's, in the great and gallant
time,
And the sky behind the down was flushing far;
And the flags were all a-flutter, and the bells were all
a-chime,
When the frigate cast her anchor off the bar.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and
more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at
the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* came from sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and
more,*

*Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the
fore,*

When the bold Menelaus came from sea.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

170

Drake's Drum.

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile
away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashtin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' riled the Devon
seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'
Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them
long ago."

Drake he's in his Hammock till the great Armadas
come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
'They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found
him long ago!

HENRY NEWBOLT.

NOTES.

PART I.

- P. No.
- 1 1 The Knight's Tale, l. 633.
 - 2 2 Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, l. 477.
 - 4 4 The Bruce, Bk. I. l. 225.
 - 5 5 [To a Ladye]. No. LXIV., The Poems of William Dunbar. Ed. Small. Scottish Text Society.
 - 7 7 Faerie Queen, Bk. I. canto i. stanzas 1-4.
 - 9 8 Faerie Queen, 'Two Cantos of Mutabilitie,' canto vii. 34.
 - 9 9 Faerie Queen, Bk. II. iii. 40.
 - 10 10 Prothalamion, l. 127.
 - 11 11 Faerie Queen, Bk. II. vii. 25-33.
 - 12 12 The Shepheardes Calendar, *August*, l. 53.
 - 15 13 Faerie Queen, Bk. III. xii. 13.
 - 15 14 Faerie Queen, 'Two Cantos of Mutabilitie,' canto vii. 28-31.
 - 17 15 Faerie Queen, II. xii. 70, 71.
 - 17 16 Said by Oldys to have been written by Raleigh on the eve of his execution.
 - 18 17 and 18. Both these songs are from Lyly's 'Alexander and Campaspe,' 1584.
 - 19 19 From Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella,' xxxix.
 - 20 20 From Peele's 'Polyhymnia,' "A Description of a Triumph at a Tilt," 1590.

P. No.

- 20 21 From Greene's 'Farewell to Folly,' 1591. •
 21 22 From Greene's 'Mourning Garment,' 1590.
 22 23 From Daniel's 'Epistle to Margaret, Countess of
 Cumberland.'
 23 24 From 'Poems Lyrick and Pastorall,' 1606(?).
 27 25 This poem in an incomplete form appears first in
 'The Passionate Pilgrim'—a miscellaneous collec-
 tion of verse which William Jaggard issued under
 Shakespeare's name in 1599. A year later it was
 published in its entirety in John Bodenham's
 'England's Helicon.'
- 28- } 26-68. 26. 'Cymbeline,' Act IV. sc. ii. 27. 'Macbeth,'
 61 } Act I. sc. vii. 28. 'Hamlet,' Act I. sc. iii. 29.
 'Merchant of Venice,' Act III. sc. ii. 30. 'Mac-
 beth,' Act II. sc. ii. 31. 'Tempest,' Act IV. sc. i.
 32. 'Tempest,' Act I. sc. ii. 33. 'Much Ado
 about Nothing,' Act II. sc. iii. 34. 'Merchant
 of Venice,' Act IV. sc. i. 35. 'Merchant of
 Venice,' Act V. sc. i. 36. 'Julius Cæsar,' Act
 III. sc. ii. 37. 'Tempest,' Act V. sc. i. 38.
 'Richard II.,' Act II. sc. i. 39. 'Love's Labour's
 Lost,' Act V. sc. ii. 40. 'Julius Cæsar,' Act I.
 sc. i. 41. 'Merchant of Venice,' Act II. sc. iii.
 42. 'Tempest,' Act I. sc. ii. 43. 'Julius Cæsar,'
 'Act V. sc. v. 44. 'Antony and Cleopatra,' Act
 II. sc. ii. 45. 'As You Like It,' Act V. sc. iii.
 46. 'Measure for Measure,' Act IV. sc. i. 47.
 'Merchant of Venice,' Act I. sc. i. 48. 'King
 John,' Act V. sc. vi. 49. 'As You Like It,' Act
 II. sc. vi. 50. 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act
 IV. sc. i. 51. 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act I. sc. iv.
 52. 'Henry V.,' Act IV. sc. iii. 53. 'Twelfth
 Night,' Act II. sc. iii. 54. 'Hamlet,' Act III.
 sc. i. 55. 'Cymbeline,' Act II. sc. iii. 56.
 'Henry IV.,' Part I, Act III. sc. i. 57. 'As
 You Like It,' Act II. sc. vii. 58. 'Midsummer-

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- Night's Dream,' Act V. sc. i. 59. 'King Lear,' Act IV. sc. vi. 60. 'As You Like It,' Act II. sc. v. 61. 'Henry VIII.,' Act III. sc. ii. 62. 'Sonnets,' xxxiii. 63. 'Troilus and Cressida,' Act III. sc. iii. 64. In Jaggard's 'Passionate Pilgrim' ascribed to Shakespeare. The authorship is unknown. The song is a popular one, "often quoted by the Elizabethan dramatists" (Lee's Life of Shakespeare). 65. 'Macbeth,' Act V. sc. v. 66. 'Henry VIII.,' Act III. sc. ii. 67. 'Sonnets,' xxx. 68. 'Henry V.,' Act III. sc. i.
- 63 69 First published in Sir Thomas Overbury's 'Characters,' 1614.
- 64 70 From Dekker, Chettle, and Haughon's 'Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissell,' 1603.
- 65 71 From 'The Honest Whore,' Pt. I. i. 12.
- 65 72 From 'Cynthia's Revels,' 1600.
- 66 73 From 'Underwoods,' No. XII., "To the Memory of my Beloved Master William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us."
- 68 74 From 'The Forest,' No. IX. (1616).
- 69 75 'Underwoods,' XV. The poem is also claimed for William Browne (1590-1645?).
- 69 76 From "A Pindaric Ode to the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison."
- 69 77 From 'Pan's Anniversary : or, The Shepherd's Holiday.'
- 70 78 Reprinted in the 'Passionate Pilgrim,' from Richard Barnfield's 'Poems in divers Humours,' 1598.
- 71 79 Conclusion of 'The Mountebank's Masque,' of which the authorship is uncertain.
- 72 80 From 'Valentinian,' Act V. sc. ii.
- 72 81 From 'The Nice Valour,' Act III. sc. iii.
- 73 82 From 'The Faithful Shepherdess,' Act V. sc. v.
- 75 84 From 'The Woman Hater.'

- P. No.
- 75- } 85-89. 85. 'Hesperides,' No. 205. 86. No. 208. 87.
79 } No. 178. 88. No. 317. 89. No. 468.
- 80, } 90, 91. From 'The Temple. Sacred Poems and
81 } Private Ejaculations,' 1633.
- 82 92 From 'The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses,'
sc. iii. (1659).
- 84 94 From 'On the Foregoing Divine Poems.'
- 84 95 From 'The Noble Spanish Soldier,' 1634.
Authorship uncertain.
- 90- } 97-110. 97. 'Comus,' l. 859. 102. 'Paradise Lost,'
110 } Bk. IV. l. 32. 103. 'Paradise Lost,' Bk. XII.
l. 625. 105. 'Paradise Regained,' Bk. IV. l.
240. 106. 'Paradise Lost,' Bk. IV. l. 639.
107. 'Paradise Lost,' Bk. IV. l. 598. 108.
'Paradise Lost,' Bk. I. l. 522. 110. 'Paradise
Lost,' Bk. I. l. 732.
- 113 112 From 'Hudibras,' Pt I., canto i. l. 15.
- 115 113 Three stanzas from 'A Proper New Ballad to the
Tune of *I'll never Love thee more*' in the
Roxburghe Collection.
- 121 118, 119. From 'Lucasta,' 1649.
- 134 123 From 'The Indian Emperor,' Act IV. sc. iii.
- 135 125 From 'Absalom and Achitophel,' l. 150.
- 137 126 From 'Absalom and Achitophel,' l. 544.
- 138 127 From 'Albion and Albanius,' Act II.
- 138 128 From 'Mac Flecknoe,' l. 1.
- 142 130 From 'To the Honourable Charles Montague,'
l. 21.
- 143 131 From 'On the Death of Dr Swift,' l. 319.
- 144 132 From 'The Campaign,' l. 273.
- 146 134 From 'The Splendid Shilling,' l. 35.
- 148 136 From the 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot,' l. 193.
- 149 137 From an 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate
Lady,' l. 47.
- 150 138 'Rape of the Lock,' canto ii. l. 1.
- 150 139 'Essay on Criticism,' l. 337.

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| 152 | 140 | 'Essay on Criticism,' l. 215. |
| 153 | 141 | 'Essay on Man,' Ep. i. l. 91. |
| 154 | 142 | 'Essay on Man,' Ep. ii. l. 1. |
| 155 | 143 | 'Essay on Man,' Ep. iv. l. 237. |
| 156, 157 | 145, 146 | Pope's 'Iliad,' Bk. VIII. l. 685, and Bk. XIX. l. 390. |
| 162 | 150 | From 'The Seasons,' <i>Winter</i> , l. 117. |
| 164 | 151 | The song occurs in 'The Masque of Alfred,' 1740, the conjoint work of Thomson and David Malloch. Its authorship has sometimes been attributed to the latter, but on weak and insufficient grounds. |
| 165 | 152 | 'The Seasons,' <i>Summer</i> , l. 47. |
| 165 | 153 | From 'Don Quixote in England,' Act II. sc. v. |
| 166 | 154 | 'The Vanity of Human Wishes, in Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal,' l. 133. |
| 169 | 156 | The opening lines of a 'Prologue spoken by Mr Garrick at the Opening of the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, 1747.' |
| 175 | 158 | 'There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year.'
"Gray originally inserted at this place a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, Mason says, because Gray thought it formed too long a parenthesis. He continued, however, to vacillate between discarding and retaining it, and it can hardly be regarded as cancelled." (Page 119, <i>Gray's Selected Poems</i> , edited by Mr Edmund Gosse, Clarendon Press, 1884.) |
| 186 | 162 | 'The Progress of Poesy,' l. 83. |
| 195 | 167 | 'The Deserted Village,' l. 1. |
| 197 | 168 | 'The Deserted Village,' l. 77. |
| 198 | 170 | 'The Deserted Village,' l. 113. |
| 199 | 171 | 'Retaliation,' l. 93. |
| 200 | 172 | 'The Deserted Village,' l. 137. |

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- | P. | No. | |
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| 203 | 174 | 'The Deserted Village,' l. 193. |
| 204 | 175 | 'On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture out of Norfolk,' l. 21. |
| 209 | 178 | 'The Task,' Bk. II. l. 206. |
| 210 | 179 | 'The Task,' Bk. V. l. 446. |
| 213 | 181 | "One of those pieces of Mickle, which the author was particularly pleased with, is a ballad, or rather a species of elegy, on the subject of Cumnor Hall, which, with others by the same author, were to be found in Evans's 'Ancient Ballads' (vol. iv. p. 130), to which work Mickle made liberal contributions. The first stanza especially had a peculiar species of enchantment for the youthful ear of the author, the force of which is not even now entirely spent; some others are sufficiently prosaic."—Sir Walter Scott: Introduction to 'Kenilworth.' |
| 239-245 | 199 and 200 | These ballads are reprinted by the kind permission of the editor from the text of Mr T. F. Henderson's new edition of Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' (Blackwood, 1902). |
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PART II.

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|-----|----|--|
| 261 | 8 | From 'A Poet's Epitaph,' l. 37. |
| 279 | 21 | Introductory motto to the twenty-third chapter of 'Old Mortality.' |
| 280 | 23 | 'The Vision of Don Roderick,' stanzas lviii-lx. |
| 282 | 24 | <i>Lady Heron's Song</i> from 'Marmion,' Canto V. xii. |

- P. No.
- 284 25 Introduction to 'Marmion,' Canto I. l. 97.
- 284 26 From 'Rokeby,' Canto IV. 28. A variation of the third quatrain, which Scott borrowed from Burns's 'It was a' for our rightfu' King,' occurs in Elspeth Mucklebackit's song in the 'Antiquary,' chap. xl.
- 289 29 From 'Guy Mannering,' chap. iv.
- 290 30 'Marmion,' Canto VI. xxxiv.
- 291 31 'Marmion,' Canto IV. xxiv. and xxx.
- 293 32 'The Lady of the Lake,' Canto I. xi. and xii.
- 299 36 *Glycine's Song* from 'Zapolya,' Pt. II. Act II. sc. i.
- 299 37 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' Part V. l. 59.
- 308 41 'Christabel,' Part II. l. 77.
- 309 42 From 'Dejection: An Ode,' iv. and v.
- 311 44 'The Curse of Kehama,' x. 10.
- 313 48 'John Woodvil: A Tragedy,' Act II. sc. ii.
- 325 58 First published in Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy' as an "ancient" ballad.
- 329 62 From 'Foliage; Poems, Original and Selected,' 1818.
- 330 63 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' Canto IV. 178-185.
- 333 65 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' Canto IV. 140, 141.
- 335 67 'Don Juan,' Canto III. lxxxvi.
- 339 69 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' Canto III. 21-28.
- 342 70 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' Canto IV. 1-4.
- 344 72 'The Giaour,' l. 103.
- 345 73 'Don Juan,' Canto II. 52, 53.
- 362 80 The concluding chorus of 'Hellas: A Lyrical Drama.'
- 364 81 The verses are simply inscribed 'To ——.'
- 365 83 Lang's 'Life of Lockhart,' vol. ii. p. 398.
- 371 87 From 'Endymion,' Bk. IV.
- 375 89 'Endymion,' Bk. I. l. i.
- 401 103 The first two stanzas of 'Dream-Pedlary' from 'The Poems, Posthumous and Collected, of Thomas Lovell Beddoes,' 1851.
- 401 104 From 'The Reliques of Father Prout,' 1836.
- 416 112 The opening lines of 'Cenone.'

- P. No.
- 417 113 'A Dream of Fair Women,' l. 1.
- 419 115 'Morte D'Arthur,' l. 239.
- 420 116 'Locksley Hall,' l. 109.
- 421 117 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,
stanza vi.
- 424 119 'Locksley Hall,' l. 153.
- 428 122 'Locksley Hall,' l. 119.
- 431 124 Concluding verses of introductory dedication 'To
the Queen,' 1851.
- 432 125 'CEnone,' l. 142.
- 432 126 From 'The Princess,' iii.
- 433 127 'In Memoriam,' lxxxvi.
- 434 128 'The Princess,' iv.
- 435 129 'In Memoriam,' cv.
- 436 130 'The Princess,' v.
- 437 131 'In Memoriam,' cxxv., cxxix.
- 453 140 'Saul,' l. 135.
- 461 145 From 'Memorial Verses,' l. 34.
- 462 146 Concluding lines of 'Sohrab and Rustum.'
- 463 147 Concluding verses of 'The Scholar-Gipsy.'
- 465 148 The song, as given here, was published in a 'Noctes
Ambrosianæ,' by Lockhart, in 'Blackwood,'
Sept. 1829. In June 1849 it appeared, with a
few trifling changes, in 'Tait's Magazine,' as
from "the Papers of the late Earl of Eglinton."
Again in 'Blackwood' for June 1889, in an
article entitled 'An Arcadian Summer,' Sir
John Skelton incorporated a set of verses, pur-
porting to be a translation from the Gaelic,
which are merely a paraphrase of the old poem,
and include its most striking lines, with only
some verbal alteration. For the authorship of
the Earl of Eglinton there is no proof, and
"hitherto, so far as research has gone, here or
in Canada, the original Gaelic is unknown to
Gaelic scholars" (Dr Donald Masson). In its

P. No. L.

- original form in 'Blackwood,' the poem is said to have been sent "by a friend now in Upper Canada," and the same number of the Magazine contains an article on Upper Canada by John Galt, who was certainly in that country in 1829. My friend, the Rev. Dr Masson, who has kindly put his researches at my disposal, agrees with me in thinking that circumstantial evidence makes it probable, though not certain, that the versatile author of 'Annals of the Parish' was the writer of these much-quoted lines.
- 475 154, } From 'Underwoods,' 1887, by permission of
155 } Mr Stevenson's literary executor.
- 477 156 From 'Lapsus Calami,' 1891, by kind permission of Messrs Macmillan & Bowes, publishers, Cambridge. •
- 479 157, } From 'Poems and Ballads' (Third Series,
158 } 1889), with the author's kind permission.
- 484 159- } From 'Collected Poems,' by Austin Dobson.
161 } Fourth edition, 1899. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. • With the kind permission of the author.
- 491 161 Of the following notes to the 'Ballad of Beau Brocade' those marked with an asterisk are reprinted by permission from the 'Collected Poems,' fourth ed., 1899, pp. 512, 513. The others Mr Dobson has kindly allowed me to print here for the first time.

The Ballad of Beau Brocade. There is no foundation in fact for this story.

- * 6 *Shared its glories with Westminster.* Westminster is now "swallowed up in the general vortex of modern London" (Wheatley & Cunningham's *London*, 1891, iii. 460).

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- *8 *Went out of town to Marybone.* "Many persons arrived in town from their country-houses in Marybone" (*Daily Journal*, Oct. 15, 1728).
- 11 *Whitefield preached to the colliers grith.* "Bristol, The Rev. Mr *Whitefield* . . . has been wonderfully laborious and successful, especially among the poor Prisoners in *Newgate* and the rude Colliers of *Kingswood*. . . . On Saturday the 18th instant [March] he preach'd at *Hannum Mount* to 5 or 6000 Persons, amongst them many Colliers" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1739, vol. ix. p. 162).
- *13 *Walpole talked of "a man and his price."* This has been contradicted by the more literal historians. But it is sufficiently true for poetical purposes.
- 27 *There was Barber Dick.* These two personages are borrowed from Plate ii. of Hogarth's *Election Series* ("Canvassing for Votes").
- 45 *Highwayman's manners.* "On Friday in the Afternoon, between Three and Four o'Clock, the Bath Stage-Coach was robbed by a single Highwayman about two Miles this Side of Maidenhead, who took from the Passengers between four and five Pounds, *behaved very genteelly*, and made off" (*Covent Garden Journal*, 10th March 1752).
- 54 (*That's where the best strong waters are!*) Strong waters—e.g., Barbadoes-water, citron-water, &c., were restorative cordials, much affected by the fair sex. In Richardson's *Familiar Letters*, 1741, p. 163, a sailor sends his Peggy from Barbadoes six bottles of citro^r-water. "It is what, they say, Ladies drink, when they can get it."
- *57 *Ensign (of BRAGG's).* Despite its suspicious

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- appropriateness in this case, "Bragg's" regiment of Foot-Guards really existed, and was ordered to Flanders in April 1742 (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1742, i. 217). In 1759 Wolfe was leading it at Quebec when he was mortally wounded.
- 58 *But for the Ladies had drawn his hanger.* A hanger is "a broad, crooked, short sword" (Bailey). Tom Bowling (*Roderick Random*, ch. iii.) wears "an hanger with a brass handle," and Commodore Trunnion, going to his marriage, is equipped with "a huge hanger, with a hilt like that of a backsword" (*Peregrine Pickle*, ch. viii.).
- 79 *For GEORGE was in league.* "That these suspicions [of connivance] were not without foundation is proved by the dying speeches of some penitent robbers of that age, who appear to have received from the inn-keepers services much resembling those which Farquhar's Boniface [in the 'Beaux' Stratagem'] rendered to Gibbet" (Macaulay's *History of England*, ed. 1864, i. p. 181).
- *91 *PORTO-BELLO at last was ta'en.* Porto-Bello was taken in November 1739, but Vice-Admiral Vernon's despatches did not reach England until the following March (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1740, i. 124 *et seq.*)
- 117 *With the B-SH-P of L-ND-N'S "Pastoral Letter."* A Pastoral Letter was issued by the Bishop of London in August 1739. It was at once answered by Whitefield.
- 129 *In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest.* This embroidery was so called from being worked on a drum-shaped frame. "Your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness

- P. No 1.
- 179 "WHITE'S" was a famous coffee-house in St James's Street.
 "Ainwell. Pray, Sir, ha'n't I seen your Face at *Will's* Coffee house?
Gibbet. Yes, Sir, and at *White's* too."
 (Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*, Act III. sc. ii.)
- 181 *With a pomp befitting his high degree.* Fielding (*Covent Garden Journal*, 27th April 1752) says, "This Day five Malefactors were executed at Tyburn. No Heroes within the Memory of Man ever met their Fate with more Boldness and Intrepidity, and consequently with *more felonious Glory.*" Elsewhere he says (March 27), "The real Fact at present is, that instead of making the Gallows an Object of Terror, our Executions contribute to make it an Object of Contempt in the Eye of a Malefactor; and we sacrifice the Lives of Men, not for [the italics are Fielding's] *the Reformation, but for the Diversion of the Populace.*" Cf. also Macaulay's *History of England*, ed. 1864, i. 182.
- 183 *Bouquet of pinks.* "Another curious custom observed at this church [St Sepulchre's] was that of presenting a nosegay to every criminal on his way to Tyburn" (Wheatley & Cunningham's *London*, 1891, iii. 229, 230).
- 184 *Flagon of ale at Holborn Bar.* Holborn Bar, or Bars, marks the boundary in Holborn of the City Liberties. It was on the official route from Newgate to Tyburn.
- 185 *Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car.* "He [Richard Turpin, alias John Palmer, hanged at York, 7th April 1739] gave 3^l. 10s. to 5 Men who were to follow the Cart as

P. No. 1.

- Mourners, with Hatbands and Gloves to them and several others" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1739, vol. ix. 213).
- 191 *Topsman*—i.e., the hangman. In the Tyburn Scene of Hogarth's *Apprentice Series* (Pl. xi.) he may be seen sitting at the top of the triple tree.
- 500 162 Introductory Sonnet to Butcher and Lang's Translation of Homer's 'Odyssey' (Macmillan, 1879). Inserted by kind permission of Mr Andrew Lang.
- 501 163 From 'Irish Songs and Ballads,' 1880, by kind permission of the author, Mr A. P. Graves.
- 502- } 164 is from *A Song of the English* in 'The Seven
509 } Seas'; 165 is from 'Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses.' Inserted by kind permission of Mr Rudyard Kipling and the publishers, Messrs Methuen & Co.
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- 515 168 From 'Blackwood's Magazine,' February 1899, by kind permission of author and publishers.
- 516- } 169, 170. From 'The Island Race' (Elkin Mathews,
520 } 1898), by kind permission of Mr Henry Newbolt.

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